

The Enterprise.

VOL. 7.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1902.

NO. 23.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.	
5:55 A. M. Daily.	
7:15 A. M. Daily except Sunday.	
9:15 A. M. Daily.	
12:45 P. M. Daily.	
4:55 P. M. Daily.	
5:55 P. M. Daily.	
SOUTH.	
6:45 A. M. Daily.	
7:15 A. M. Daily except Sunday.	
12:10 P. M. Daily.	
4:05 P. M. Daily.	
7:05 P. M. Daily.	
12:20 A. M. Sundays Only (Theater).	

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

Change of Time Which Went Into Effect February 5th, 1900.

Cars leave Holy Cross at 6:45, 7:15, 7:37, 8:01, 8:16 A. M. and every 15 minutes thereafter until 3:31 P. M., 3:45, 4:01, 4:23, 4:49, 5:06, 5:21 and every 15 minutes thereafter until 7:51 P. M., 8:09, 8:21, 8:39, 8:51, 9:09, 9:25, 9:49, 10:21, 10:53, 11:23. Cars run direct through to new Ferry Depot. First car leaves Station 8:52 A. M., and every 15 minutes thereafter until 6:10 P. M. Time cards can be obtained by applying to conductors or office at 30th St.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays, 8:00 to 1:00 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

	A. M.	P. M.
From the North	7:05	12:20
South	7:05	4:15

MAIL CLOSES.

	A. M.	P. M.
North	8:50	12:30
South	8:50	4:30

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT	
Hon. G. H. Buck	Redwood City
TREASURER	
P. P. Chamberlain	Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR	
F. M. Granger	Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY	
J. J. Bullock	Redwood City
ASSESSOR	
O. D. Hayward	Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER	
M. H. Thompson	Redwood City
SHERIFF	
J. H. Mansfield	Redwood City
AUDITOR	
Geo. Barker	Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS	
Miss Etta M. Tilton	Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR	
Joe. Crowe	Redwood City
SURVEYOR	
W. B. Gilbert	Redwood City

A peculiar condition of affairs confronts the Cared Fruit Association, which has its headquarters in San Jose. With probably nine-tenths of the members in favor of discontinuing the association, the legal existence of the organization will continue during the fifty years for which it is incorporated simply because the sections of the by-laws providing for the closing up of its affairs are impossible of execution. It will also never be possible to again obtain the legal election of officers. It is therefore within the power of the present officers and directors to continue to perform their duties and draw their salaries till the money remaining in their possession, about \$300,000, is used up, when they can assess the members for their continuation in office. The money on hand would enable the present officers and attaches to draw their salaries for thirty years. The officers of the Association scout the story that they will take advantage of the wording of the by-laws, and say they will divide the money in the treasury among the members and then resign. When this is done the Association will be practically ended, though its legal existence will continue indefinitely. Of the 3700 members who signed a two years' contract only about 1000 complied with its terms and delivered their prunes last season. The prospects are for a record-breaking crop of prunes this year.

Charles Wondries, a Chicagoan, believes he has solved the problem of perpetual motion. With the aid of a tall, hollow tower or shaft, a heavy fly-wheel, two lighter fanwheels and nature, he declares he can produce a continuous movement anywhere in the world.

NEWS OF THE WORLD EPITOMIZED

Important Happenings of the Week Briefly Told.

TELEGRAMS FROM ALL SECTIONS.

Short, Pithy Paragraphs That Give the Cream of the Week's Events in a Form Appreciated by Busy Readers.

The mill of the Newport, Ind., Grist Mill Company was destroyed by fire. Loss, \$50,000; insurance, \$25,000.

The official estimate of the wheat crop of New South Wales is that 1,390,000 acres will yield 14,705,000 bushels.

Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia spent the Easter holidays with the Grand Duke of Hesse at Darmstadt, Germany.

Augustus Boardman Coit, long a familiar figure in the financial district of New York City, is dead from paralysis.

A fire in Kansas City totally destroyed the building occupied by the National Paper Box Company, causing a loss of \$50,000.

George Gardner of Lowell, Mass., has been signed to fight Tom Sharkey at London in June, taking the place of Peter Maher.

Two Chicago bond houses have purchased \$6,000,000 of the Mexican Government redeemable internal 15 percent bonds of the fourth series.

The compulsory education bill passed the Iowa Senate, having previously passed the House, and will become a law upon being approved by Governor Cummins.

A dispatch from New York announces the long-deferred marriage of Miss Lily Oelrichs and Peter Martin will take place the first week in July at Newport.

The main milling department of the Virginia-Carolina Chemical Company's plant at Memphis, Tenn., was wrecked by fire, caused by spontaneous combustion.

Measures have been taken by the Board of Health of New York City to stop the spread of glanders. The disease has appeared principally among draught animals.

The Colombian gunboat Chucuito has captured a schooner laden with salt and ammunition for the revolutionary General Lugo, who is operating in the vicinity of Capira.

Stockholders of the Corn Exchange and Merchants' National Banks of Chicago have ratified the proposition to consolidate the two institutions under the name of the former.

The Iowa House Committee on Ways and Means has voted, 17 to 6, to recommend for indefinite postponement the Senate bill for the taxation of railroads on a basis of stocks and bonds.

Commissioner of Pensions Henry Clay Evans has placed his resignation in the hands of the President. It is stated that the policy of Commissioner Evans will be continued by his successor.

A Russian staff officer from Amur, Siberia, is quoted as saying that the Anglo-Japanese alliance has sealed the political destiny of Manchuria, which, says the officer, will never pass out of Russia's possession.

Rev. Dr. James S. Riggs of Auburn, N. Y., has been offered the chair of New Testament Greek in McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago, which position he now holds in the Auburn Theological Seminary.

In the course of a lecture, says a London dispatch, F. T. Addyman of St. George's Hospital said he had completed a cure of a bad case of cancer in a woman by the action of X-rays upon the disease.

Senator Hanna has written a letter to C. W. Croft of Tomah, Wis., stating that he is in no sense a candidate for the Presidency in 1904, and requesting his friends to discourage any movement to that end.

Charles Hawtrey, the actor, who went to England on the St. Louis, while walking on the slippery deck of the vessel was thrown down. He sprained his ankle and had to be carried ashore in a steamer chair.

George Schock, an engineer employed by the Illinois Malleable Iron Works at Diversey boulevard, Chicago, was overcome by heat while

working in the engine room. He was removed to a hospital, where he died.

As the result of a conference with General Smith, in command of the American forces on the Island of Samar, General Guevarra, with the entire force under his command and all their rifles, will surrender April 15th.

The Postoffice Department has announced the completion of important arrangements for the extension of the money order business of the government. Exchanges are to be made with Greece and with Shanghai, China.

The only live musk ox ever exhibited on the American continent has been added to the New York Zoological Park, and will remain there as long as artificial ice and a deep, cool cave can persuade it to keep its health and life.

Mgs. Sbarretti, the archbishop of the Philippine archipelago, has proposed to Secretary Root that a representative of the United States confer with the Vatican with respect to the disposition of land in the Philippines owned by the friars.

Paul Morton, vice-president of the Santa Fe Railroad Company, says he knows nothing of a contemplated movement by those in control of the railroads of the United States to prevent the renomination of President Theodore Roosevelt.

The Sundry Civil Appropriation bill contains a provision restricting officers and managers of the National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers to persons whose military or naval service would render them eligible for admission to the home.

The Colonial Lumber and Box Corporation has been incorporated at Trenton, N. J. Its capital is \$15,000,000, \$5,000,000 of which is preferred, drawing 6 percent cumulative dividends. The company is authorized to deal in lumber, iron and boxes.

The ancient English ceremony of distributing Maundy money was observed in all its old-world picturesqueness in Westminster Abbey. In most details the function was identical with that established in the past and confirmed by unbroken custom.

The Senate has adopted Mr. Wirt's resolution granting the citizens of Columbus the right official space near the High Street entrance to the Capitol grounds on which to erect the proposed memorial to the late President McKinley. The memorial will cost \$20,000.

George Dixon is anxious to go to England and fight the best feather-weight there during coronation week. The erstwhile champion prefers to meet Jack Roberts above all other English "feathers," as he regards him as the best man in his class in England.

Miss Mary Potter, youngest daughter of the late T. J. Potter, general manager of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy system, was found dead in bed at Burlington, Iowa, having passed away in her sleep. It is believed the primary cause of death was heart disease.

The American bark St. James, which reached New York from Seattle via Blaine, after a voyage of 140 days, has a cargo of 62,500 cases of salmon consigned to the Pacific Packing and Navigation Company. This is the first cargo of salmon sent around the Horn to New York.

Frank Mahany shot and killed W. A. Womack last summer on the fish preserves of William Radcliffe, in Mesa county, Colo. J. E. Mahany of Los Angeles, brother of the prisoner and a lawyer, is in Denver for the purpose of doing everything in his power to get Frank out of his present difficulty.

The exodus of Chinese owing to the strictures with which the terms of the exclusion act are being enforced by the Federal authorities has been so great that some of the Chinese laundries of Los Angeles are operating with greatly reduced forces, while others have been obliged to cease operations entirely.

The steam lighter Santos, just completed by the Townsend & Downey Shipbuilding Company of New York for Arbuckle Bros., was badly damaged by fire at Shooters Island recently. The Santos cost \$50,000. Meteor III, owned by the German Emperor, and lying in a near-by berth, was not endangered by the fire.

The Rev. J. Pitass of Buffalo, N. Y., and the Rev. W. Kruesske of Ripon, Wis., who went to Rome in order to seek the appointment of Polish-speaking bishops for the Polish Catholics of the United States, announce that the appointment of the Polish-speaking bishops is assured, it being only a question of time.

COAST NEWS GIVEN IN SHORT ITEMS

Occurrences of Interest from All Quarters of the Pacific Coast.

HAPS AND MISHAPS OF THE WEEK

Current Events Related in Newsy Dispatches From Many Correspondents in Various Parts of the West.

Maine owners are said to have refused \$500,000 for the Cash mine, located in Arizona.

A Salt Lake company has purchased a group of seven mining locations in Bristol district, Lincoln county, Nevada.

So valuable is he new ore found in three miles north of Tucson, A. T., that the properties are guarded night and day.

A mine caved in on Hunker creek, near Dawson, burying eleven men. All were rescued more or less injured, except Lon Bolmer of Maple, Mich., who is dead.

The crusade intimated by the Dawson Health Inspector against the butchers is still on. Seven tons of meat and poultry were destroyed by his order in two days.

The Brannock bill to prevent trap shooting at live birds was passed by the Ohio House without opposition. The bill provides for a heavy penalty for violation of the statute.

Mrs. Oliver P. Posey has received an invitation from the Los Angeles fiesta committee to be queen of the floral parade to be held on the second day of La Fiesta, which opens on May 1st.

A ledge from ten to twenty-five feet wide and traceable for 3000 feet is being explored about two miles northeast of the old Penman place, east of Quincy, Plumas county. The gold assays are said to be encouraging.

The Daly-West and Quincy mining companies, two of the largest properties in Utah, are to be consolidated and litigation involving millions of dollars is to cease. The properties of the two companies practically adjoin each other.

John Sutter, who had been ill at Emeryville, a suburb of Oakland, for some time, died during a coughing spell. He was a native of England, about 70 years old, and leaves a wife. It is thought that heart disease caused the old man's death.

The jury in the case of George Hinkley, on trial for the sensational hold-up at Los Baños, a bathing establishment in San Diego, disagreed. The jury was discharged. Hinkley's defense was insanity as the result of an injury to his head.

Mrs. G. B. Walker shot and killed J. S. Judd of Chicago in her rooms in Las Vegas, N. M. Judd had gone to her rooms and tried, she alleges, to assault her, she being alone at the time. The bullet entered his head just below the ear, killing him instantly.

The directors of the California Grain-Growers' Association, at a meeting held in Sacramento, elected the following officers: President, George W. Pierce of Davisville; first vice-president, B. F. Walton of Yuba City; second vice-president, D. Reese of Sacramento.

Governor Gage has appointed the following agricultural directors: For Napa county, H. H. Thomas, F. W. Bush, C. D. Falconer, George Berry, R. F. Taylor, A. H. Brown and D. E. Osborne; for Mendocino, Inyo and Alpine counties, George L. Albright and John E. Jones.

Announcement has been made at the Adjutant General's office at Sacramento that the claims of the California Volunteers of the Spanish-American war for time between enrollment and the date of their muster into the government service or rejection by medical examiners, will be paid soon.

Ben Waud, aged about 20 years, was shot at Gillison's boarding-house in Westport, twenty-nine miles east of Astoria, Or., by Emory Hoagland, who afterward killed himself. No reason is assigned for the act except temporary insanity. Hoagland was a section boss on the railroad. Waud will recover.

It is just announced that Notre

Dame University of South Bend, Ind., will have a branch at Portland, Or., a small college there now to be taken in charge by them to be greatly enlarged and its scope increased under the auspices of Archbishop Christie. Seventy acres of ground will be utilized.

A dispatch from New York says there is high authority for the statement that E. H. Harriman will retire from the presidency of the Southern Pacific very soon after his return from his trip to the Pacific Coast. It is understood that S. M. Felton Jr., now president of the Chicago and Alton, will succeed Harriman as the executive head of the Southern Pacific system.

In the Superior Court at Santa Ana Judge Ballard sentenced John Craig to a term of fifteen years and Charles Newman to a term of two years in San Quentin for robbing the Garden Grove and Newport Beach stores and post-offices on the 5th and 9th of this month respectively. Both men pleaded guilty to the charges against them. Newman, who is a minor, acted as Craig's accomplice.

The steamship Cottage City, reaching Seattle from Skagway and Sitka, brings reports of valuable placer diggings found in Rodman Bay. The pay streak is said to lie only a foot below the surface. Among those who went on the stamped were Governor Brady and D. E. Graft, one of the most prominent business men in Southeastern Alaska. Rodman bay is located between Killisnoo, a cannery station, and Sitka.

The shipments of potatoes from Stockton to San Francisco by steamer are heavier at present than they have been for many months. There is a big demand at the bay and the regular boats go out every evening with from 500 to 1500 sacks of potatoes aboard and local stocks are being rapidly cut down. The middle of last month it was estimated that there were about 80,000 sacks of tubers in the local warehouses.

William Brophy, one of the two men who held up the Dominion saloon in Dawson last December, was last week found guilty in the Territorial Court and sentenced to imprisonment for life. The severe penalty imposed on Brophy was a surprise to the community. Judge Douglas, who passed the sentence, stated in doing so that he regretted that circumstances would not permit adding flogging to the punishment.

A pitched battle occurred between two half-breed Indians, George and John Curtis, and two farmers, James Smith and William Thompson, near Minco, in the Choctaw Nation. The latter were preparing to plant corn, when the Indians appeared, heavily armed, and began firing. The fire was returned by the farmers, and the battle continued for some time, the parties shooting from ambush. Smith was seriously wounded and George Curtis died from his wounds.

At Stockton work has been commenced on the wharves and buildings of the foundry which the Angels Iron Works Company is to construct on the south side of Mormon channel. A contract has been let to build a 200-foot wharf at once. Later 200 feet more will be constructed, but the company wishes to have the first section rushed to completion as it is needed. About six acres are to be covered with buildings for the foundry and repair shops and a large quantity of heavy machinery has been ordered from the East. It is expected to arrive the latter part of May or June. Most of the machinery in the Angels plant will be moved to Stockton so that the improved shipping facilities for raw material and products can be taken advantage of at all times.

Reports received from the Arctic district, 300 miles north of Nome, Alaska, show that the district promises to be almost a greater producer of gold than Nome. John Vattney of Tacoma, who spent the winter of 1900-01 on Tuttle creek and other tributaries of the Kougakook river, has received a late letter from the district, written by Abraham Howick, an old mining companion. The letter is dated Arctic district, January 10th. The writer says that in one day's rocking on Tuttle creek he cleaned up \$187. A hole was dug eight feet deep where the pay gravel was found. One nugget came up with the first pan and weighed \$4.60. On No. 17 on Tuttle creek John Hanson took out \$75 from a hole eighteen feet deep without drifting on bed rock. Howick says that there are but fifty miners at work this winter. So many claims are proving rich that a big stampede is expected this summer. Gold is plentiful on other creeks, but only the Tuttle is being worked.

The first crow hatchery in the United States has been started by John Wentworth, a farmer living at Glenwood, Susquehanna county, Pa. He expects to invest a good deal of money in the business and to supply New York and Philadelphia milliners with the heads and wings of these birds. He has already made contracts to supply a large number of heads at 50 cents and wings at 25 cents a pair. The hatchery at present is comparatively small, as he has only succeeded in capturing and raising 300 females and twenty male crows. Next year he expects to have 2000 of them on hand. They will be carefully protected from hunters and liberally fed, so that they will not wander from home and devastate the corn fields of the farmers in the surrounding country. The greater number of them will be confined in a large wire-covered territory.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the London Daily Mail says that news has been received from Kutais, Transcaucasia, that three Russian nobles, Prince Kipinadz, Prince Valerian and Prince Zulukidz, were executed March 3d for the murder of over 100 persons. The trials of the princes lasted for two weeks. They were the leaders of a widespread bandit organization which had terrorized the Caucasus by systematic robbery, arson and murder.

Provision for a complete census of the Philippine Islands is to be included in the coinage bill. This is not to be a mere numbering of the people, but an inquiry into their educational attainments and property acquisitions, with the view of securing information of a character which may be of use in future legislation for the islands.

The People's Store

GRAND AVE., near Postoffice,

South San Francisco, Cal.

This is the Only Store in San Mateo County that

SELLS

Dry Goods and Fancy Goods;
Boots and Shoes;
Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods;
Crockery and Agate Ware;
Hats and Caps,

AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

Give Us a Call
and be Convinced.

M. F. HEALEY,
Hay, Grain and Feed. **†††**
Wood and Coal. **†††**

Lumber Yard

ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.

Grand and San Bruno Aves.,
South San Francisco, Cal.

good news

We have just received a large shipment of the famous Cyrus Noble whiskey.

This brand is the most popular American whiskey in the world.

It is a pure, old honest product.

It is distilled from selected grain.

It is a tonic and stimulant combined.

It is absolutely pure.

E. B. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

If women who were kissed by Lafayette continue to turn up we shall be obliged to conclude that Lafayette was Hobsonized.

The King of Italy has asked to have his salary reduced. No wonder the other European monarchs refuse to be neighborly with him.

After spanking her husband with a washboard, that New York woman ought to have completed the process by running him through the wringer.

What possible good can ever be done by trying to discover "who was our friend" in the war with Spain a few years back? If there had been ever one moment when this country was in danger or needed rescue it would be a different matter. In a walkover war requiring but a few weeks of our attention the task imposed on any assisting friend could not have been a very terrible strain.

Missionary influence on legislation shows itself in the excellent bill which recently passed the Senate, forbidding the sale of firearms, opium and intoxicating liquors to the natives of the New Hebrides Islands. The demand for this legislation rests on the simple proposition that it is not of much use to offer a savage a Bible with one hand and a gun and a bottle of whiskey with the other.

Bill board and fence advertising is like peddling, inasmuch as it makes use of public thoroughfares, and therefore is rightly subject to municipal supervision and control. Finally such advertising is not infrequently a gross nuisance, marring the appearance of the city, offending the eye and leading up to the erection of huge fences that are a serious danger to passers on the streets and to adjacent property by reason of their liability to fire.

The flattery bestowed on American women of late years and their improved chances to capture the nobility of Europe seems to have made this a "diamond mad" country. In the "Jewel craze" we beat the world. Thousands of poor wretches are digging in the dead craters of Kimberly to provide the wherewith of the "smart-set" to outdazzle the world, and the temptation to smuggle is chiefly fed on such things. Diamonds "is" trumps in this country.

No more flattering tribute could be paid to the energy and intelligence displayed by people of the United States than the determination of the French government to establish schools in this country, for the training of French youth. It is planning now to establish two of these schools; one in Pittsburg for the training of engineers, and one in New York, to teach political science; while others are in contemplation. If this new departure proves successful for France other foreign countries will be moved to take the same step, and thus the ideas, methods and influence of the United States will be spread rapidly all over the world.

European royalty has taken up the discussion of abrogating the ancient rule which requires that members of royal families marry only their equals in rank. When royalty started in business in this world it started with robust physique. The early king was the strongest of his clan. He had to be. When some one came along stronger than himself he abdicated. So long as might made right royal blood was virile. But royalty is fallen on degenerate days. Secure in its reign, it has deteriorated. The blue blood is badly watered. Princes and princesses have intermarried until all the reigning families are kin. In consequence decadence has come. In almost every royal closet are gibbering imbeciles, the result of these intermarriages. In other cases the children are physically deficient. Were it necessary many instances could be cited proving these assertions. The laws of nature are deeper than the laws of man and better enforced. These laws cannot be ignored with impunity. In physique man is not largely differentiated from the animals. An adherence to the absurd law of royal equality as to marriages has broken many a heart. The supposed good of the state has been paramount to natural affection and marital happiness. History is full of the proof. Royalty must mingle its blue blood with the blood of the common people, which has red corpuscles. Thus it may last till that day—hasten its coming—when there shall be no royalty save merit.

Gradually we are settling down to the common-sense view of whether the United States "is" or "are." As the Constitution uses the plural verb some devoted worshippers of that great instrument have considered it little short of sacrilege to use the singular verb in an official way in connection with the name of this country. Finally the question had to be met squarely by the House Committee on the Revision of Laws. Some of the members stood valiantly by the constitutional form, while others were for adopting what has become common usage. In looking up authorities to determine the matter they found a mass of evidence to show that for the last ten or fifteen years "is" has been used almost invariably in all official documents,

even in treaties. It was also shown that Grant, Cleveland, Harrison and McKinley used it exclusively, and that from Hamilton to Olney it had been favored by most of the Secretaries of State. It is well known that President Roosevelt and Secretary Hay use the singular almost invariably, and that in the periodicals and newspapers and among the people of the country "are" is of rare occurrence. So the committee did the sensible thing and decided that, legally at least, the United States "is." May we at least hope that this practically settles the much discussed question? The United States "is" a nation, a country, compact, undivided, under one flag, one government, working with one object in view, a unit in its ideas of national dignity and purpose. The United States is singular, and neither its people nor any other people will ever make it plural.

Probably no part of the census of 1900 has elicited more comment—much of it very pessimistic—than that which has set in strong light the apparently undue congestion of population in the large cities of the country. It has been spoken of with much regret as a most unfavorable indication of the tendency of modern civilization. It seems to have been forgotten that such a fact alone can hardly be considered as unfavorable in itself, because in the last analysis the whole population, urban and rural alike, must derive subsistence from the direct or indirect products of the earth. They must all be fed and clothed and sheltered, no matter where they may make their homes. The urban population cannot long be increased in numbers at the cost of the rural without setting up such an increased demand for the products of the earth developed only in rural conditions as to bring on inevitably a backward flow of population from the cities into the country in order to meet that demand. Aside from this, however, a new fact is brought out in a recent bulletin from the census bureau that puts quite a new face on the whole matter. This fact is that the growth of population in the small towns and cities of the whole country, east and west, has kept pace with that of the large cities which has been such a striking fact and has stirred so much pessimistic walling. The official figures show that with very few exceptions, the towns and cities exceeding, say, 3,000 or 4,000 population each have quite held their own in growth with the large cities. The exceptions, either way, can most likely be explained by local exceptional conditions. There is nothing alarming in this fact and it quite takes the alarm out of the other—large city—fact. Much, perhaps most, of the growth of these small cities comes of the removal of families that have prospered from farms to towns because of the superior educational advantages of the latter. The farms have not therefore been abandoned and turned out into wild land. Somebody else, a son or a son-in-law or a purchaser, has taken up the farm work and the new additions to the town people growing out of these removals of men who have accumulated a competence and by living in town cease to be producers in the primary sense simply operates to swell the demand for what the farms produce. When the statistics of growth in the farming population itself and the increased productive power of each individual arising from improved methods can be digested and studied the reasons for pessimistic walling in this regard are likely to disappear altogether.

Ancient and Modern.

An old man and a young one, while traveling from London to Brighton in a train, got into conversation. The old man asked:

"Which would you sooner travel in—the up-to-date railway train or the old-fashioned stage coach?"

"Why, the up-to-date railway train, of course," the young man answered. "Ah, I would sooner travel in the old-fashioned stage coach."

"Why?"

"Well, if you are in the old-fashioned stage coach and the wheel comes off, and you are thrown into a ditch it's 'Hullo, old party, there you are!' But if you are in the up-to-date railway train, and the boiler bursts, it's not 'Hullo, old party, there you are!' but 'Hullo, old party, where the dickens are you?'—London Answers.

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UNCLE SAM EXACTS FULL TIME.

Employees in the Treasury Department Docked for Minute's Loss of Time.

"It's an old story that the United States Treasurer occasionally pays warrants for the sum of 1 cent to creditors of the government," said an old department clerk the other day, "but it's not so well known, but equally true, nevertheless, that government clerks are sometimes docked 1 cent for overstaying their annual leave a minute or a fraction thereof. In the Treasury Department in particular the rule is inflexible that a clerk who exceeds the regulation leave even for a minute in a year shall forfeit a proportionate amount of his pay."

"The taxation of delinquents requires eternal vigilance and careful calculation, but it is regarded as essential to the best interests of the service. No fractions of a minute are considered and there is no penalty less than a cent. The salary per minute is determined by dividing the annual salary by all the working days, which exclude Sundays and holidays, and allowing seven hours for each day. On that basis it is computed that the salaries of government clerks average about a cent a minute. Of course, some get more and others less, but that covers the most of them."

"It does not seem much to deduct 10 cents from the \$1,200 salary of a clerk who has exceeded his 60 days' leave by ten minutes, but he invariably treats such action as a great outrage on his rights as an American citizen. The other day a woman in the Treasury upset the entire office in which she is employed for almost a whole day," says the Washington Star, "in her persistent efforts to get back 13 cents for overstaying her leave about a quarter of an hour. She nearly went into hysterics, but the authorities were firm and she had to submit."

THE MAKING OF PEARLS.

Lustrous Gems Are Only the Tombs of Worms.

Pearls are the product of decay. A French naturalist says, in *Cosmos*, that the free pearls found in the common pearl-bearing mollusk are little tumors surrounding the bodies of the marine worms known as distomes during a particular stage of their life.

In the month of August certain mollusks are found having numerous small reddish-yellow points in the spot where pearls usually form. Then begins the imprisonment of the creature. In the beginning the surface of the distome is sprinkled with tiny grains of carbonate of lime. These granulations grow and take the form of crystals which group and interlace in different patterns, and end by forming a calcareous deposit around the creature's body, which can still be distinguished by its yellow tint.

The calcareous deposit takes on polish and luster; and at this moment the nucleus of the young pearl is seen only as a little black point, which soon disappears. The pearl has now a beautiful luster, and it keeps on growing in contact with the membranous pouch surrounding the calcareous cyst.

The distome remains there until the following summer. At the beginning of the season the pearl loses its polish, decays and falls to pieces. There may remain only a gelatinous mass, and these are known as gelatinous pearls. The parasite then resumes its active life, reproduces its kind, and the young distomes become in their turn encysted, forming new pearls.

There are pearls that escape their physiological fate, and may grow to larger size because their distomes are dead, killed by another parasite, or because they are sterile.

So the most beautiful pearl is nothing but the brilliant tomb of a worm.

Chamberlain Paid Attention.

One Sunday Mr. Chamberlain entered a certain church in London and seated himself comfortably in a pew. The church filled up, and presently two men in faultless attire and of impressive appearance, evidently father and son, made for the pew on which Mr. Chamberlain was seated. The Colonial Secretary moved up to make room for the newcomers, but the expression on their faces was not to be mistaken. When they had taken their seats the elder of the two took a card from his pocket, and scribbling a few words upon it, requested the verger to hand it to Mr. Chamberlain. The man did so, and Mr. Chamberlain perused the missive. Printed on it was the name of a well-known merchant prince, and underneath were the following penciled words: "I pay £100 for the exclusive use of this pew." The Colonial Secretary, without a moment's hesitation, took a card from his pocket, and scribbled the following answer, "I pay—attention to the service."

"Out of the Mouths of Babes."

Edward Terry tells of a pretty incident which occurred during one of his tours: "Do you know what I consider the most glowing tribute I ever received? The compliment came from a child. There was a crowded house—an intent audience—and humor had, for the instant, given place to pathos. You might have heard a pin drop, and I felt the tension of the house was at breaking point. The intense silence was broken by a childish voice—a girl's—who, turning to her parent, asked in a broken voice: 'Father, is it real?'"

Grown Gold.

Nebb—Do you know Ezymark?
Didbete—I used to.
Nebb—Used to?
Didbete—Yes, until he loaned me \$5.
—Ohio State Journal.

Cocoon Profit.

The profit on a cocoon tree is \$1 a year.

THE PRESIDENT'S LITTLE JOKE.

Mr. Roosevelt Tendered Liquid Refreshments to Chief Officers.

To his other qualifications as a popular man President Roosevelt adds a fondness for a good-natured joke. A Washington correspondent recalls this amusing incident of the time when the President was Assistant Secretary of the Navy:

The squadron had been out for two days at target-practice, and the chief officers had been invited on board the flag-ship as the guests of Mr. Roosevelt. The conversation on marine topics was long, and for some time there had been a clearing of throats and a significant exchange of glances. Mr. Roosevelt took the hint.

"Will you step into the cabin and have some tea?" he said.

The movement toward the cabin was prompt and unanimous. There, in the center of a great table, rested a punch-bowl of magnificent proportions, filled nearly to the brim with a liquid a shade darker than amber. In its center floated an island of ice. Sprays of mint extended their slender leaves over its brim, and pieces of lemon and other fruits floated on the surface of the cool and tempting flood.

The old commodore, with the color of the sun on his face and the dryness of the desert in his throat, turned eagerly toward this oasis. He stirred the ladle lovingly in the bowl, while others gathered about him. He held his glass, filled to the brim, between his eye and the sunlight that came in through the cabin window, and the clatter and clink of glasses sounded through the cabin as each officer filled to the occasion.

With an air of contentment and anticipated joy the commodore brought the glass to his lips. Then, as all lifted their glasses to follow his example, a look of astonishment passed over his face. His hand trembled, and the glass almost fell to the table.

"Be blowed if it ain't tea!" he gasped. And, indeed, that is just exactly what it was.

NOW IT'S A HAIR NET.

One of the first to introduce this new idea in hair ornaments was an English woman famous for her taste in matters of dress. That the fashion was not hers alone was proved by the fact that at the same time she appeared at the opera wearing a golden net one of New York's smart set displayed the same kind of ornament in her hair. Since then the fad has grown.

With the knot fastened at the crown of the head and the pompadour puffed out and rolled high, in modish fashion,



WOMEN TAKE TO HAIR NETS.

the net is put on to drop below the twist. It curves to fit around the knot, extends almost to the ears and rounds at the bottom. A fair-haired society beauty wore a net of this kind. The fine threads of gold were woven in a diamond-shaped mesh, and fitted loosely over the softly puffed hair. With the yellow, glistening bands barring her golden hair, the effect was more than merely pretty. It seemed to be a happy and effective combination of the ancient and medieval with the modern.

Repaid.

At a certain ball in the country the other evening a gentleman undertook to introduce a companion to a young but somewhat stout lady who seemed to be pining for a dance.

"No, thanks, old fellow; I don't care to waltz with a cart."

A "cart" is understood in the district referred to as a partner who does not do her share of the dancing, but has to be drawn round.

A few evenings later the same young lady, who had overheard the conversation, beheld the young man seeking an introduction and asking if he might have the honor, etc.

"No, thank you," she replied; "I may be a cart, but I am not a donkey-cart."—London Tit-Bits.

Eternal Problem Answered.

"If a ship," began the comedian with the rose-tinted beard, "is 100 feet long and forty feet wide, and its masts are 100 feet high and the boat's in bow-legged, what does the captain weigh?"

"It weighs the anchor!" hoarsely shouted the audience, as it grabbed the benches to prevent itself rising en masse and doing violence to the Theatians.—Baltimore American.

Pensioners in Nevada.

The State in which there is the least number of government pensioners is Nevada, in which they number only 275. There are 800 in Wyoming and 850 in Utah.

A man tells you about his friend, and says, "He is famous. Everybody knows about him." And you never heard of him!

There is some reason for it if a man snarls at you; probably the man he met before you kicked at him.



A MAN AND A MAID.

"Twas ever a man and a maid, my son—
"Twas ever a man and a maid;
And 'twill be that way till the judgment
day.

"And after it, too, I'm afraid.
"Twas ever a man and a maid, my son.
"Twas ever a man and a maid;
And the man from Mars may shy at the
cars.

"But here is a game he knows!
"Twas ever a man and a maid, my son.
"There is Work, and there's maids to
woo—
And they're quite two things as I know
who sings.
And they're bowled down better than
you!

"Twas ever a man and a maid, my son.
Watch her, or She'll let you shirk!
For a man can't write in the candle light,
If Her eyes get into his work!
—Gelett Burgess in "A Gage of Youth."

Love and Ambition.

TWO letters lay upon Denzil
Bruce's breakfast table. One was
addressed in a woman's delicate,
tremulous handwriting, the other bore
the impress of a firm of lawyers. He
opened the woman's letter first of all.
It ran thus:
"Hereford, Monday.—My Dear Denzil:
I have some rather unpleasant news for you. You may remember that mother has of late been
troubled about a cough which I developed
last winter, and yesterday she
insisted on taking me up to town to
consult a specialist. And, O, Denzil,
what do you think? He says I am in
a very bad condition, and that I must
go away from home at once and try
the Engadine. Of course, a few months
in Switzerland would be heavenly, but
the bad part of the business is this,
that I must resign myself to living
there for years and years, probably all
my life. Dr. Basting said.
"Under the circumstances I think it
is only right to offer you your freedom."



HE OPENED THE WOMAN'S LETTER.

I love you, as you knew well, beyond
all else on earth, but the career that
lies before you is so brilliant that it
will be wicked to take you away.
And so, dear Denzil, your liberty is
granted you if you will accept it.
"I feel too miserable to write more.
Forgive all shortcomings, and believe
me, whatever happens, your very lov-
ing,
MAISIE."

Denzil Bruce read the letter several
times before the meaning of it burnt
into his brain. Then he put it down
and opened the other communication.
It was in this wise:

"Law Office of Chancellor & King.—
My Dear Bruce: Chancellor and I have
decided the firm name hereafter shall
be Chancellor, King & Bruce. Yours
truly,
JOHN C. KING."

So the distinction to which he had
looked forward with ardent eyes dur-
ing the last seven years had come to
him at last, and come in the blazing
heyday of youth, for he had not yet
passed his thirty-fifth birthday. Well,
he had worked for the reward, toiled
for it with assiduous persistence, and
it was what he deserved. Fame and
fortune seemed close now—so close
that he could well nigh feel their
sweet breath upon his face. Given
health and strength, he might climb to
the summit of the legal ladder and
win the magnificent prizes that illu-
minated there.

But Maisie—what of her?
In one moment of ineffable pain he
realized that he must choose between
Maisie and the bar—between love and
fame. If he married the girl his life
would be spent in the remote obscurity
of the mountains, far from the tumult-
uous absorbing existence of the met-
ropolis, the name of Denzil Bruce
would soon become obsolete in the
courts which he loved so well, and for
the moment Maisie shrunk to insignifi-
cant dimensions.

Verily he had come to the parting of
the ways, he told himself, as he sat
racked with thought. Life's mystic
sign post pointed in opposite direc-
tions, one road was marked "Maisie,"
the other road was marked "Fame."
Which path should he decide to fol-
low?

"I'll write and tell her everything,"
he muttered, but even as he rose to
open his desk the impulse died.

"Writing is too bald, too brutal. I'll
run down to Hereford, and—and—tell
her all there is to tell. God! was ever

man placed in so terrible a dilemma
before?"
Maisie was alone in the great dim
library when he was announced, and
she rose to greet him with a pathetic
little cry.

"Oh, Denzil, how good of you to
come, and just now when you are so
busy in town. This is kind of you."
Her sweet sea blue eyes looked into
his own with gladness. He turned
away, scarce knowing how to begin.
"How silent you are!" she said, after
a pause. "Were you very, very shock-
ed to hear of—of what I told you?"

"It was a terrible blow," he made
answer, slowly; "but it is reassuring to
think that all will be well if you go
away."

"Oh, yes, all will be well, and I may
live to be quite old, so Dr. Basting said.
But, Denzil, there is something I want
to ask you."

"Go on."

"You told me the other day that there
was a chance of your being made a
partner in your firm. Has that come
to pass?"

"Yes, it has come to pass."
"Oh, I am so pleased! Dear boy, I
congratulate you with all my heart
and soul. But—but—"

Her voice broke off suddenly, and
there came a look of pain upon her
face. Mastering herself with an effort,
she whispered:

"We must bid each other good-by.
Denzil. Now that this advancement
has come to you, you must remain and
win more. I shall often think of you—
when—when I am far away."

"The man stood with hands clasped
in agony, whilst the sweat broke out
upon his forehead. Torn with love and
overcome with ambition he still wavered.

"And I shall read in the papers of
your work," went on Maisie, chokingly,
"and perhaps some day you—you will
get into the Senate and make a great
name. And—and I shall be so proud
of you, so very proud—and—and—"

She stopped, unable to say more. The
blinding tears raced down her cheeks,
and seeing her thus, a mighty wave of
love surged up in the heart of Denzil
Bruce, causing him to forget all else.
He took her in his arms, whispering
softly:

"Maisie, there will be nothing to read
concerning me; there will be no Senate
for me, there will be no great name,
only the name which means more to
me than the whole world."

"What name?" she asked, huskily.
"The name of husband, for I love
you, Maisie, and fame is nothing to me
without you."

"Denzil!"
The word left her lips like a cry of
joy.

"Do you mean this? Have you
thought? The sacrifice—the terrible
sacrifice?"

"Yes, I have thought. What's fame
when all is said and done? A few men
writing one up—a few men writing one
down. A few people discussing one at
dinner with less interest than they feel
in the food before them—or that they
will exhibit over the ballet which they
see after dinner. Then one day a para-
graph in the papers and there's the end.
That's fame."

She threw her arms round his neck
with a passionate gesture of abandon-
ment.

"Oh, Denzil," she murmured, "you
have made me happy—so happy. But
are you—are you sure you will never
repent?"

"Never," he replied, as a wonderful
light shone in his eyes, "because—be-
cause I love you."—Chicago Tribune.

Russian Methods.

Persistence may be a good quality,
but judgment is a better one, and the
young American in the following story,
told by Frederick Palmer, evidently be-
came convinced of it:

An American drummer, fresh from
our direct methods of business, called
on Monsieur de Witte, the Russian min-
ister of finance, to get certain informa-
tion necessary for the sale of his goods.
The minister refused it. The young
man persisted. The minister still re-
fused. Then the young man declared:

"You are the only man who can give
me what I want. I'm not going back
to my folks and tell them that I couldn't
do any business. I've got to know. I
could get the same thing in two min-
utes in America, and I'm not going to
leave the room until—"

The minister pressed an electric but-
ton. In walked two guards. The min-
ister spoke to them in Russian, and di-
rectly the young man found himself
walking down the Nevsky Prospect
with an uncongenial escort.

As he thought the matter over in jail,
he concluded that his band was not
strong enough, as he put it, to bluff the
whole Russian Empire. Within an hour
he was led back into the presence of
De Witte, who told him that a decent
apology would save further trouble.

After the young man made it, De Witte
gave him the information, and with it
a reminder that it was not wise to be
rude, even to ministers of state.

In Sight of It.

After a sermon by an old colored
preacher in southwest Georgia one of
the brethren said to him:

"Br'er Jenkins, how far off, you reckon,
hell is?"
"How 'o' is you, Br'er Thomas?" asked
the preacher.

"Well, sub; ef I don't miss my kal-
kerlations, I is 64."

"Well," said the preacher, "w'en you
wuz bo'n inter de worl' hell wuz des
64 years off, en all I got ter say is, dat
ef you ain't in sight er it now, it ain't
yo' fault!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Some men live and learn and some
devote their time to trying to forget
what little they know.

The better the physician the less re-
spect an undertaker has for him.

Topic Times

Germany, at the end of 1902, will
have a standing army of 495,500 men.
The paper currency of Spain now
stands at 43 per cent loss on the gold
standard.

Palermo has a fine new theater. The
estimated cost was 2,450,000 francs;
the real cost was 7,000,000.

Tacoma, Wash., is 3,209 miles from
New York by the shortest route and it
takes 127 hours to get there.

Philadelphia drunkards are now re-
leased when sober for fear of their
bringing small-pox into the jail.

Egbert—Know her? Filbert—Yes.
Egbert—Quite well? Filbert—We were
thrown together from the same auto-
mobile.

A shoe firm in Toledo, Ohio, has
traced to the depredations of mice,
losses in greenbacks and other paper
money which have amounted to \$20,-
000 in four years.

The State and local boards of health
of Ohio have adopted a resolution de-
claring against the continued use of pa-
per money after it has become soiled
from constant handling.

The fertility of Egyptian soil is illus-
trated by the fact that every one of
10,500 square miles can support 928
persons, whereas even in densely popu-
lated Belgium there are only 580 to the
square mile.

A remarkable coincidence about the
death of General Lawton was that he
was killed by Filipinos under a native
chief fighting against whom Lawton
won his spurs.

British railway travelers can not re-
cover damages if they have their fingers
in the carriage door when the porters
suddenly close it. "A railway
company," says the judge, "can not act
as dry-nurse to every passenger."

Keepers of Washington boarding
houses are taking prompt action under
the new provision of the district code
which fixes a heavy penalty against
persons who fraudulently evade pay-
ment of bills for lodging and keep.

Physicians say that if vaccination
does not "take" it does not prove that
the person vaccinated is immune from
small-pox. One may be immune from
vaccination or small-pox this week and
not the next; to-day and not to-mor-
row; this morning and not this after-
noon.

A Chicago alderman, who has count-
ed them, says there are three buildings
and no more in his city that are seven-
teen or more stories in height. One of
the three is the Masonic Temple. Of
sixteen-story buildings there are in the
city seven; of fifteen-story, three; of
fourteen-story, six; and of thirteen-
story, seven buildings.

Governor Taft gets \$20,000, and each
of his four assistants \$15,000, while
there are twenty-six other officials who
draw from \$4,000 to \$7,500 a year. In
all there are 4,000 civil employees, not
quite half of whom are Americans.
The salary roll runs to over \$3,000,000,
of which over two-thirds goes to the
Americans. The cost of living is very
high.

The new station of the Lyons and
Mediterranean railway, which has just
been opened in Paris, is one of the
most beautiful railway stations in the
world. The two spacious halls, on the
decoration of which some of the best-
known French artists have expended
their efforts, are conspicuous for the
bright paneling and medallions on
which the signatures of twenty-seven
distinguished painters appear.

The foreigners in the Pennsylvania
coal regions drink polinsky, which is
at the bottom of every riot and much
murder. It is simply a mixture of beer
and bad whisky, usually blended in a
washtub, and seasoned with spices. At
every wedding, christening, wake or
other gathering of a social nature there
is always a tub of polinsky. In one
hour all hands will be drunk; in two
hours there will be a free fight, and,
unless the police interfere, in three
hours there will be a murder.

No tables reserved in the fashionable
restaurants after the theater unless
you have been there in advance and
slipped a bank note in the palm of the
head waiter. There is an easy \$10,000
a year for a clever head waiter in rent-
ing tables for New Yorkers to eat on at
\$1 and \$2 a table. In a Broadway the-
ater the other evening I saw the head
waiter of one of the modern hotels with
two women, one of them presumably
his wife. His wife, from her clothes
and jewels, looked to be a leader of so-
ciety.

"The railway system of Argentine,"
says a correspondent of the London
Post, "is second to none in the world.
Trains run at frequent intervals and
punctually. The rolling stock is excel-
lent, and a long distance journey by
rail is a luxury. The sleeping cars are
sumptuously appointed, the perman-
ent ways are well laid and there is con-
sequently very little jostling. It is
possible to dine in the trains as com-
fortably as in a hotel. The dining cars
are well fitted up and beautifully de-
corated with flowers and pot plants."

A Cuban says, in the Washington
Post, that the family name of the new
President of Cuba is Estrada, and not
Palma. "Estrada" was his father's
family name and Palma his mother's.
Following the Spanish custom he
writes it Estrada Palma, but he should
be addressed as President Estrada, and
not as President Palma. The old-fash-
ioned way of writing it would be Tomas
Estrada y Palma, but only the highest
and oldest Spanish aristocracy and the

lowest and most ignorant class now use
the y. The mass of Cubans have aban-
doned it, and those who have much
business with Americans are either
placing their mother's name first, ac-
cording to the American custom, or
dropping it entirely. Palma, by the
way, is pronounced Pal-ma, with the l
sounded."

HANGING LAKE, COLORADO.

An Interesting Body of Water Up in
the Rocky Mountains.

Hanging Lake is generally known as
Dead Horse Lake, a name as inap-
propriate as it is possible to imagine,
for the reason that no kind of a horse
could possibly get up into the lake.
This lake is situated about one mile
from the canyon known as Dead Horse
canyon, which is opposite Shoshone
station on the Denver & Rio Grande
railroad, eleven miles from Glenwood
Springs.

It is one of the most beautiful lakes
the mind can conceive of. The water
is clear as the most perfect crystal.
The minutest object lying on the bot-
tom of the lake can be seen as well
as an object floating on the surface.
The depth is from two to probably 100
feet. This lake hangs in the corner of
two perpendicular walls of rock which
seem to tower 2,000 or more feet above
it. The outer wall of the lake from
one cliff to the other is circular in gen-
eral form, with a zig-zag edge from
three to six inches in width, formed by
the vegetation which has grown there
and then become petrified by the water
of the lake running over it. From the
appearance of the wall it is growing
and confining more water within its in-
closure.

There are trees lying in the lake that
are covered with lime, showing every
limb, knot or indentation, no matter how
small or great the indentation may be.
There is no sign of animal life in the
lake or anywhere around it. It is very
doubtful whether it freezes over in the
winter, for it is fed from an immense
spring gushing out of the rocks several
hundred feet above it. Underneath the
lake are several caves that are some
twenty feet long and ten feet wide and
high enough for a man to walk upright
in. But you will certainly receive a
free shower bath before you climb over
the rocks and get into where it is dry.

From the mouth of the canyon to the
lake are some very wonderful things.
There are parts of petrified trees,
broken stalactites of various sizes
which have lain there unmolested for
centuries, perhaps. There are skele-
tons of buffalo that have perished of
that have been driven over the high
cliffs in the midst of a terrible snow-
storm long years ago; bunches of
leaves that have gathered themselves
together by a rock or brush lying in
the little stream of lime water and
have themselves become rock and the
size and form are as perfect as the
leaves that grow on the trees the past
summer.

About one-half mile from the mouth
of the canon is a very large lime rock
that formed itself around a large tree
so long ago that the tree has decayed
and passed out of existence, but the
prints of the bark are as perfect on the
inside of the hole in the rock as they
were the day they were formed. From
the appearance of the bark signs it was
a red spruce tree about fourteen inches
in diameter. There are several limb
holes in the rock that are as perfect
as the tree hole.

A few feet below there is another
rock showing that it grew around a
tree while it was standing up, but from
some cause unknown to man the rock
has been parted where the tree was in-
closed and only the form of the tree
body about four feet from the ground
is left in the side of the rock.

Dead Horse canon is certainly a
canon of wonders. There may be hid-
den between those massive walls of
rocks some bodies of the buffalo that
are petrified. From surface indications
there have been hundreds of them that
perished there. Some of the old heads
that are there show that the animal
was of great size. Some of the bones
have lain there for ages, while others
are in a good state of preservation.—
Glenwood Advance.

Waited for Orders.

The unquestioning and unreasoning
faithfulness of a Russian soldier was
brought out by the red tape of the Rus-
sian military system, which not only
exact strict obedience to orders, but
determines rigidly from whom orders
may come. The explosion of a powder
magazine at Batum killed and injured
many people. Among the wounded was
a soldier on guard at the gate of the
magazine. One of his arms was shat-
tered, says the New York Herald, and
there was an ugly wound in his chest.
Although on the verge of fainting, he
remained at his post.

His colonel saw him and said, "What
are you doing here? Don't you see
there is nothing left to guard? You
look half-dead. I order you to the hos-
pital at once."

"Colonel, I cannot do it. My sergeant
instructed me to stay here."
"But your sergeant has been killed."
"That doesn't concern me," replied
the soldier. "There are only two per-
sons who can relieve me from duty,
my sergeant and my emperor."

The colonel telegraphed to the min-
ister of war, who laid the case before his
imperial master. The czar sent a dis-
patch relieving the soldier and an-
nouncing his intention of conferring on
him a gold medal and a decoration.

When the dispatch was received, the
soldier had been fourteen hours on
duty.

Suppressing Polish Words.
For using the Polish word "zobe" in-
stead of the German word "hier," an
officer in the Austrian army has just
been sentenced to six months' impris-
onment on bread and water.



When the Cap Fitted.

Duke looked up from the bone he
was gnawing and glared at his little
mistress and her visitor. His bushy,
bushy tail did not even hint a wagging,
there was a fierce light in his eyes, and
a low growl rumbled down in his
throat.

Ruth caught Marian by the arm. "Oh,
let's run!" she cried. "He's going to
bite us."

"No, he won't if you don't touch his
bone." Marian felt ashamed of her
dog, and vainly tried to think of some
excuse for his conduct. "I don't know
what makes him act so," she said, as
the two walked on.

"Is he always as cross as he has been
since I came," asked Ruth.

"He didn't use to be," returned Ma-
rian, sorrowfully. "But now he's get-
ting crosser and crosser all the time."

They had reached the front porch by
this time, and behind the woodbine
stood Marian's brother Paul. His face
was red with anger, and his fists were
clenched. "I'm going straight to mam-
ma, miss," he exclaimed, as he saw
Marian. "We'll see if she lets you talk
that way!"

"What way?" asked Marian in aston-
ishment; and Ruth thought of her own
brother and felt very glad he was not
as ill-tempered and unreasonable as
Paul. Paul paid no attention to his
sister's question, but he went into the
house, slamming the door very hard.
A few moments later mamma's sweet
voice called, "Marian, dear, I want to
see you."

Marian obeyed quickly. Mamma was
waiting for her in the sewing-room, and
her face looked puzzled and sad. Paul
sat by the window, and it was plain
he had been crying. Marian looked
looked from one to another in aston-
ishment.

"How is this my daughter?" mamma
began. "Paul tells me he heard you
saying to Ruth that he is growing
crosser and crosser all the time."

Marian stared, then broke into a
hearty laugh. "Why, mamma, we
weren't talking about him at all. Duke
growled at us, and Ruth asked me if he
always acted so cross; and then I said
he is getting crosser and crosser all the
time."

"Oh!" said mamma, and then she, too,
laughed. "Run back to your play,
dear," she said, cheerily. "It was only
a mistake, it seems."

When Marian had left the room,
mamma looked over at Paul. His cheeks
were redder than before, but now it
was shame that colored them instead of
anger. "I just heard them talking
about being cross, and I s'posed that
meant me," he explained.

"It was a rather queer mistake,
wasn't it?" mamma asked. And Paul
made no answer.

"If your father had overheard that
conversation," mamma continued, af-
ter waiting a moment for Paul to speak,
"would he have thought the girls were
talking about him?"

"Of course not," said Paul, indignantly.
"But why not?" persisted mamma.

"Because he isn't ever cross, and they
couldn't have meant him." Paul spoke
earnestly, though he could not help
smiling as he met his mother's mean-
ing look.

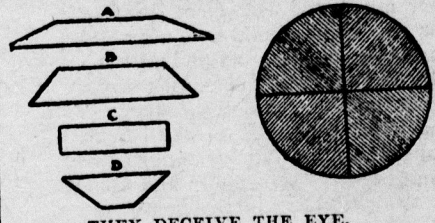
"Exactly," said mamma, nodding her
head. "And it was easy for you to
make the blunder, because you have
been cross and ill-natured through al-
most all of Ruth's visit. The cap fitted
you, and you put it on without waiting
to see whether it was meant for you
or not. Uneasy consciences, my boy,
make people very sensitive about what
they happen to overhear."

"A boy who tries his best to do right,
doesn't need to worry over what people
say about him. And that sort of boy
will not be likely to think that all the
unpleasant things he overhears are
meant for him."

Paul went back to his play a wiser
boy, and let us hope a better one. He
had made up his mind that when the
cap fitted himself and ill-natured Duke,
it was time for a change.—The Presby-
terian.

Two Little Optical Illusions.

The accompanying figures show a com-
plete little optical illusion. The top line
of figure A seems longer than the top
line of figure B, which seems longer
than the top line of figure C, which
seems longer than the top line of figure
D. Yet the four top lines are all of the



THEY DECEIVE THE EYE.

same length. The explanation lies in
the varying slopes of the side lines.

To show how much depends on the
point of view, look at this circle. Two
of its sections, top and bottom, appear
a good deal lighter in tint than the other
two. They look, in fact, as if they
were tinted gray and not black. Yet
give this page a half turn so as to get
the horizontal shading into a vertical
position, and you will find the gray turn
black and the black gray.

The Sweetest Thing.

Beneath a small window
A dear little bird

Kept singing this song
(And I heard every word):
"Oh, sweet are the berries,
The red and the white,
And sweet are the crumbs
That you gave me last night;
And sweet to the squirrels
Are nuts in the wood!
But there's nothing so sweet
As a child that is good!"

"Oh, jam is much sweeter!"
Said dear little Nell;
"And there's treacle and honey
And jelly as well.
Here's a big piece of bread
And some crumbs for your tea.
Don't you think these are sweeter
Than Maggie or me?"
But Robin made answer
As loud as he could,
"There's nothing so sweet
As a girl that is good."
—Illustrated Home Journal.

Too Many Things to Do.
"Now, dear," said a mother to her
small 4-year-old daughter, "you have
chattered long enough. Hold your tongue,
close your eyes and go to sleep."
"Why, mamma," queried the little
miss, in surprise, "how can I do three
things at once?"

Wanted to See Some.
Willie's father was cleaning fish for
dinner when the little fellow asked:
"Papa, have fish got any sense?"
"Of course they have," was the reply.
"Well, please cut some out and let
me see them," said Willie.

Needn't Worry Her at All.
Visitor (teasingly)—When are you go-
ing to get married, Elsie?
Elsie (aged 5)—Oh, don't trouble your-
self about it. You'll not get an invita-
tion.

An Unappreciated Ceremony.
Little Mabel had attended a church
christening, and upon her return home
her grandmother asked what they did.
"Nothing much," replied Mabel, "ex-
cept wash a little kid's hair."

LONG WATCH FOR A SON.

Rev. William Miller's Door Left Un-
locked for Twenty-eight Years.

The death of the Rev. William Miller,
of Clifford, ends a long and fruitless
watch for a runaway boy.

Elder William Miller, as he was
known, was one of the best known
Baptist preachers in Northeastern
Pennsylvania. He officiated at more
weddings and funerals than any other
clergyman in Susquehanna County. He
was 81 years old when he died.

He was strongly opposed to games of
all kinds. One day twenty-eight years
ago he discovered that his youngest
son, John, had been playing croquet.
The father gave the boy a severe scold-
ing and finally positively forbade him
ever again to play croquet.

John told a companion afterward
that he would "show father a trick."
That night, while the other members
of the family were asleep, he ran away.
The only things he took with him be-
sides his clothes were the pictures of
his mother and sister removed from
the parlor album.

No trace of him could be found from
the time he left the house. His par-
ents were firm in their belief that he
would slip into the house some night
as cautiously as he had slipped out.
They accordingly always left the door
unlocked for him at night.

When a year had passed they were
sure that he would return on the anni-
versary of his disappearance; and
when she retired that night his moth-
er left on the dining-room table those
articles of food of which the boy had
been most fond.

The custom was kept up on every
anniversary of the day for five years.
So certain were the parents that he
would return when he had been gone
five years that they planned to have a
party for him, to which they invited
the young people of the neighborhood.

Then ten years was the time toward
which they looked forward, for they
said "Johnny" will surely come home
when he has been gone ten years."

The fifteenth and twentieth anni-
versaries of the boy's disappearance
were as anxiously awaited by the par-
ents. Three years ago they counted
much on the twenty-fifth year since
their boy ran away, at which time they
were especially sure that he would re-
turn; and the mother was ready to
greet him with an abundance of the
delicacies of which he once was fond.

Since the night he disappeared not a
thing had been heard from the missing
son. But never for an instant would
the parents entertain the belief that he
was dead. Up to the hour of his death
this week, William Miller expected his
son's return.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1902.

The River and Harbor Bill carries an item of \$4000 for the improvement of Redwood creek. Mr. Lound has been untiring in his efforts to secure favorable action.

The Philippine question will be made an issue in the next National election. The Democratic party has declared in favor of acknowledging Philippine independence as soon as a local Philippine government is established capable of maintaining order. The Republican party favors giving the people of the islands local home rule government as soon as the people show themselves capable of maintaining it. The two propositions boiled down amount to this: The people of the Philippine Islands will not be fit for independence until such time as they are fit to maintain order under a stable local government and laws, and when they have reached such a condition they will not only be fit to be admitted to full citizenship and participation in the government of these United States, but the advantages to them are so many and great that they would unquestionably be unanimously in favor of incorporation with us rather than independence.

PREPARING FOR A BOOM.

The leading real estate firms of San Francisco say that with the commencement of actual construction work on the extension of the electric road from Baden to San Mateo will commence an old-time boom in the section tributary to the line. Even at this early date their offices are deluged with inquiries for land suitable for suburban residences. They confidently predict that within a few years after the opening of the line the stretch of country lying between San Francisco and San Mateo will present a vastly different appearance from that to be observed today. Homes and villas of San Franciscans will be seen everywhere, and the values of realty will take an amazing leap. In and about San Mateo, they predict, will the greatest development be seen. The name of this city is now upon the lips of thousands. The development and growth that will have taken place in this section in the forthcoming decade will be such as to cause all to gasp with astonishment.—Leader, San Mateo.

GLOBE SIGHTS.

You don't like compliments—for other people.

It takes a pretty good man to appreciate a good story.

A smart rascal may reform, but a fool is always a fool.

When a man gets drunk, if he can't sing, he talks religion.

Considering the number of shots fired, how few are hit!

We are all such excellent managers of other folks' business.

It is easy to do foolish things. Watch yourself; you are not immune.

It is usually a recommendation for a woman if the other women like her.

An Atchison young man who speaks nine languages earns eight dollars a week.

Some people are so timid that they are never impudent except to friends.

A lean dog for a long race: a man who lives a long time, begins losing flesh along about fifty.

It often happens that when parents think they have married a daughter off, they have only taken a son-in-law on.

Every man should be permitted to have his own way often enough to convince him that it is the worst way in the world.

Whenever we hear that a man has gone abroad in order to be baptized in the river Jordan, we wonder how he ever had enough sense to accumulate the money for the trip.—Atchison Globe.

The Northern Pacific is having considerable trouble in North Dakota and Montana, due to washouts. Two trains from the East, one going by way of Butte and the other by way of Helena, were abandoned, due to the fact that five miles of track in North Dakota between Jintown and Valley City is washed out. In Montana there has been an earthslide near Fort Keogh 2700 feet long. Passengers from St. Paul were sent from Helena over the Great Northern, while those destined for Chicago were sent over the Burlington.

Mrs. Mary Hively, wife of a prominent farmer near Warsaw, Ind., was seized with an attack of epilepsy, fell into a pan of boiling sugar water and was scalded to death.

UNCLE SAM'S MONEY.

THE SAFEGUARDS THAT HEDGE ABOUT ITS MANUFACTURE.

Care With Which Even the Shavings of the Peculiar Paper Used Are Handled—Counting and Re-counting the Treasured Sheets.

Uncle Sam's paper money has its birth in the bureau of engraving and printing in Washington. Here a corps of engravers cut its lines into plates of steel. Five hundred men and women are in one room. It is the largest printing office in the world. Here are struck from these plates the notes which we give the butcher and the baker. Each steel plate when not in actual use is stored away in a great burglar proof vault to which only the highest officials know the combination. At the side of each printing press is a little indicator like a bicycle cyclometer, which keeps tally of every piece of paper money printed. Thus is Uncle Sam kept informed as to the exact number of paper notes of all denominations which leave his presses daily. If there is any secret which Uncle Sam keeps, it is the process of manufacturing the fiber paper upon which his money notes are printed. He pays a Massachusetts firm a big price for it, and this firm does its work under the surveillance of a government agent. The paper is manufactured of the finest rags, cleaned, boiled and mashed into pulp. As it is rolled into thin sheets silk threads are introduced into it by a secret process. These are the distinguishing marks making imitation of the paper well nigh impossible.

The sheets of paper, already counted twice and placed in uniform packages at the paper mill, are stored in a treasury vault and issued to the bureau of engraving and printing as wanted. Before leaving the treasury they are counted three times more, and the receiving official at the bureau must receipt for them. Then the bundles are unwrapped, and the sheets are counted twenty-eight times by a corps of women. This is to insure that each printer gets the recorded number—no more, no less. Before any employee of the division in which this paper is kept can leave for home each night he must exhibit to a watchman at the door a pass certifying that every fragment of every sheet passing through his fingers has been accounted for.

If one sheet of this precious paper be lost, the entire force of men and women having access to the room where the misplacement has occurred are kept in, like so many school children, to find it. Each sheet is issued from the vault for the printing of a definite amount of money upon it. If the lost sheet were intended to ultimately represent \$4,000 worth of notes, the group of employees to whom the responsibility of its misplacement has been traced must make good that amount if they cannot locate it within a reasonable time.

Twenty-four times more are the sheets containing the printed money counted after leaving the presses. Then they are sealed in packages of 1,000, placed on racks in a drying room of 130 degrees temperature, unpacked, thoroughly examined, smoothed in powerful hydraulic presses and packed in wooden cases. These cases are hauled to the treasury in an ironclad wagon. Six guards, heavily armed, accompany this wagon whenever it makes a trip.

No attempt to steal Uncle Sam's money while undergoing any of these stages of manufacture has yet been detected. As a matter of fact, the money would be practically useless, for its printing is not completed until after it makes this guarded journey to the treasury. There the finishing touch is added in the printing of the colored seal upon the face of each note. With the six sealing presses the same precautions are taken as with the two hundred and fifty big money presses in the other building. Each sheet coming from the former has a row of notes printed upon it. The sheets are put through small machines, operated by girls, who cut out the individual notes. Even the small strips, falling like shavings from their machines, must be carefully collected, sent to the bureau of engraving and printing and there boiled into pulp. An employee found with even one of these ribbons of waste paper is liable to imprisonment for fifteen years and a fine of \$5,000.

Between these different processes the paper money has been counted and re-counted six additional times. Finally the single notes are placed in stacks of 100, with all of the blue numbers printed on their faces in sequence. They are then wrapped in paper, labeled, sealed with red wax and stored in the great treasury vaults. Thus each piece of paper money now in circulation has been officially counted sixty-three times.

In our mints the system of accounting for the blank metal out of which the finished coins are stamped, of keeping tally on the coining machines' work, of counting the finished product, of packing it, of sealing it in cloth bags, of transporting it under guard, of counting it many times again and finally of storing it away is practically the same.

There is not a day in the year when any one of the seven great treasury vaults does not contain in coin, bullion, notes, certificates or bonds sufficient to make you or me one of the richest of the world's multimillionaires. The most capacious of these strong boxes are in the basement of the treasury. A large guard of men—mostly old soldiers, commanded by a captain and lieutenant—watches them day and night. These guardians are heavily armed, and they patrol their beats every quarter hour throughout the night.—Saturday Evening Post.

HUMAN ALARM CLOCKS.

How Messenger Boys Are Utilized as Awakeners in New York.

At 1 o'clock the other morning a well dressed man strolled into one of the uptown messenger offices. He had been dining out and evidently, from the rakish tilt to his opera hat, the dinner had been a success.

"I want a messenger boy to come and waken me in the morning."

"What hour?" The clerk was all business, for the request was not unusual.

"Seven o'clock. I've got to catch a train," he explained.

"All right, sir; 7 o'clock," assured the clerk.

The man turned as he was going out of the door. "Have the boy hammer the door hard," he cautioned. "I'm a 'dead one' when I get to sleep, and I've got to catch that train." Then he went home and went to sleep with absolute confidence.

The whistles were blowing 7 o'clock.

A small boy in uniform hammered with a club, his "waker," on the door of the man who had dined the night before. "Get up in there!" he cried. "Get up, you old sleepyhead!"

"You go away from my door," comes in sleepy tones from the room. "It's a mistake. I don't want to get up."

"Oh, yes, you do, my dodo bird," is the fresh reply. And the tattoo on the door goes on with redoubled strength.

"All right, boy; I'm awake now!" howls the man who has been sleeping.

"You can go away now."

"Not till you've signed this receipt," the boy insists.

The man has to crawl out of bed and come to the door. The boy has a paper ready, and as he is a careful man he reads before signing. It certifies that he has been thoroughly awakened by Messenger No. 432 and that he is not going back to bed again that day.

"Is this a joke?" he asks the boy.

"Naw, 'tain't no joke," replied the messenger through his teeth. "If we didn't make you'd do this, you'd be down to de office about noon a-howlin' dat we didn't wake you'se. Now, if you'se goes back to your bag of feathers, we'se got you'n in black an' white, an' no mistake."—New York Tribune.

COOKING FISH IN ENGLAND.

The Method Used There Renders the Fish Flaky and Juicy.

John Bull certainly knows how to cook fish, to prove which fact one has only to notice the juiciness and good flavor of the first bit of fish, served perhaps at a little out of the way inn, that one tastes in England. We Americans have at command many fine varieties of fish, but too often find it sent to table in a "woolly," tasteless condition.

An American cousin visiting in an English family made bold to ask what method of cooking "sea food" was prevalent in England and found that there the importance of the thorough cooking of fish as a safeguard against ptomaines is as much regarded as with us. Our old country friends, however, assure us that there is not the slightest occasion to render fish dry and tasteless in order to insure thorough cooking if proper attention is given to basting. One cannot well imagine anything better than boiling fat, and basting plentifully with this is to make use of the surest ammunition possible for the routing of deadly bacteria.

Instead of warning amateurs against underdone fish, let copious basting with sweet boiling fat be insisted on, and in place of a woolly, flavorless result there will be the opposite—flakiness and juiciness. Overboiling will produce wooliness as surely as overfrying or baking. To insure tender, solid flakes in, for instance, boiled cod or halibut and to avoid dissipating the flavor make sure the water boils when the fish is put in; keep at a gentle boil; allow only ten minutes to the pound and tie carefully in cheesecloth that has been washed and boiled before using. Good well basted with hot olive oil or any good fat will be almost gummy in flavor, as will cod steaks cooked in deep fat.—Washington Star.

Price of Blackwell's Island.

The price of Blackwell's Island when it was purchased by New York city was not seven pieces of wampum, 120 pounds of tobacco or two stacks of firearms, the price of Manhattan Island, but \$50,000, paid to Robert Blackwell, the owner, who had married the daughter of the English captain Manning, who in 1673 surrendered New York city to the Dutch. When the English resumed control, Manning retired to Blackwell's island, then known as Hog Island, and after his death it became the property of his daughter and son-in-law. It was sold in 1838 to New York city and since has been in use for various correctional and charitable institutions.

Storing Oxygen in the Blood.

Professional divers, who remain under water from two to five minutes at a time, are accustomed before submerging themselves to take deep inspirations for ten minutes. The object is said to be to store up oxygen, not in the lung cells, but in the blood corpuscles. This renders a temporary suspension of the breathing possible by supplying the corpuscles with an extra quantity of oxygen, to be exchanged chemically with the carbonic acid, produced by vital processes, in the blood.

Cooking Fish.

Boil haddock and codfish six minutes for every pound; bass, salmon and halibut ten to fifteen minutes. A lobster, as a rule, requires half an hour to forty minutes. Large fishes should bake about one hour and small ones twenty to thirty minutes. Broiling requires a quarter to half an hour, according to the size of the fish, very small specimens being finished in five to ten minutes.

TRAINING A RIDING HORSE.

The Master Made Good His Assertion as to What He Could Do.

"Yes," said the riding master, "I have to be a horse trainer as well as a riding master. In fact, I couldn't very well be the second without being the first. I always have horses in my school stables here that are sent to me to train for my pupils. One came this morning, and if you have the time to spare I will show you how I give the first lesson in obedience."

The master then ordered one of his men to bring the horse out into the "school," a great oblong space, covered with sawdust and inclosed and roofed. The horse was a fine, spirited animal, with an intelligent and kindly eye, and the master said at once that he would be a tractable and teachable subject, explaining that he had not yet had a chance to "make his acquaintance."

"Now," said he, "you must remember that this horse has never seen me before and that I am, therefore, a perfect stranger to him, and yet I think I can establish between him and myself so good a feeling that in five minutes' time he will follow me all about the school at a word of command—perhaps without a command. Let us see."

He then approached the horse, and the man stepped away. Speaking a few words gently, he patted the animal's neck and rubbed his hand over his head. Telling the man to give him a small riding whip, long and straight, with a keen lash, he placed himself with his right shoulder close to the horse's head, holding the bridle rein near the bit with his right hand and in his left hand the whip extended back horizontally so that the lash was opposite to the horse's flank.

"Now," said he, "for our lesson."

And he began leading the horse around the school, keeping his shoulder close to the animal's head. Presently he took his hand off the bridle, and the horse at once began to move away from his shoulder, but a sharp turn of the master's wrist brought the lash of the whip against his flank just hard enough to make a little sting, and at the same time the master caught hold of the bridle and gently pulled the refractory head close to his shoulder again.

This was repeated half a dozen times, and then the horse evidently reasoned out the situation somewhat in this way:

"As long as I keep my head close to this man's shoulder it's all right, but the minute I take it away something back there jumps up and sticks me. Therefore I'll not take it away any more."

That must have been the way he reasoned, for within the five minutes' time allotted by the riding master the horse was following him all around the school like a big dog, nor did the master have to touch the bridle once.—Atlanta Constitution.

Not a Practical Philanthropist.

One day last winter when it was very cold a richly dressed woman stopped and gazed sternly at an ice wagon that was drawn up beside the curb on Walnut street, near Fifteenth. She stood there for ten minutes. Then the team came out of a certain house, and she said to him, "Driver, why don't you blanket your horses?" "Because, lady, the kum'ny don't furnish me no blankets," said the man. "Then," exclaimed the woman, "you should cover them with your coat."

"All right, ma'am," said the driver, smiling. "You gimme your coat for the near hoss, an' I'll put mine on the off one."

The woman, whose coat was of seal-skin, could not think of a good retort to this, and she walked away in silence.—Philadelphia Record.

Balzac's Way.

Jules Sandeau relates that one time while living in Paris Balzac locked himself up in his room for twenty-two days and twenty-two nights, refusing to see any one and keeping the curtains closed and the lights continually burning even in broad daylight. The only human being he saw during this time was his servant, whom he rang for when he felt the need of food and which he washed down with numerous cups of coffee. He would throw himself on his bed only when entirely exhausted from lack of sleep, and he remained in complete ignorance of what was transpiring outside, the state of the weather and even of the time and day of the week. He only freed himself from this voluntary captivity when he had written the word "Eud" on the last page of the manuscript he began when he entered his prison.

Booked For a Museum.

She was an ignorant but ambitious woman, relates the Chicago Tribune, and the great ambition of her life was gratified when her husband was elected a member of congress. Immediately after the result of the election was known the new congressman's wife drove in from her country home to the county seat to call in triumph on her dearest enemies in a social way. She called first on the wife of the local banker, who had sent her three daughters through Vassar, and after receiving the congratulations of the family she turned the conversation to her plans for the future of her own daughter, Jennie.

"I am going to give Jennie every educational advantage," she said. "As soon as the congressman and I get to Washington we are going to put Jennie in the Smithsonian institute."

Mrs. Muggins—My husband is a perfect crank.

Mrs. Buggins—All husbands are, my dear.

Mrs. Muggins—But fancy a man who complains that my mustard plasters are not as strong as those his mother used to make!—Philadelphia Record.

Krupp and Essen.

"The old lady," Herr Krupp's mother, managed the small business affairs while Alfred stepped into the shop, rolled up his sleeves, worked all day with his arms and then until midnight with his brain. They lived in a small cottage which is still standing in the factory and which he did not exchange for a better home until long after his marriage. I now quote Mr. Krupp's own words uttered on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the factory:

"From my fourteenth year I had the care of a family father during the day, added to hard work at the factory, and at night had to study how to overcome the difficulties in the way. During this period I lived on potatoes, bread and coffee and scant portions of meat and toiled until late in the night. For twenty-five years I struggled thus until conditions grew a little easier. My last remembrance of that period is the growing danger of total ruin and my endurance, suffering and hard labor to avert the calamity, and I say all this for the encouragement of young men who have nothing, are nothing and want to get something and be somebody."

In 1832 the factory gave employment to only ten men. At the time of Mr. Krupp's death over 40,000 men were employed in and about Essen, in the factory and the adjoining mines.—Outlook.

How an Elephant Grows.

While we must not overlook the difference between the supply of food in nature and captivity as well as the equally different conditions of both food and exercise in either state, it is somewhat interesting to note the increase in weight and height of a young Indian elephant in captivity, a state to which it was brought when about fifteen months old. During nearly a couple of years the captive put on nearly half a ton (to be more accurate, some 1,100 pounds of avoirdupois) and not far short of eighteen inches.

The increase in both weight and height was greatest in the early months and slower in both cases as time went on, and the greatest gain in any single month was ninety pounds and four inches. Considering the immense rations given to elephants in menageries, it may be thought, perhaps, that the results are none too great for the cost. Yet to gain ninety pounds in a single month is prodigious all the same.

Carried Millions on His Back.

When Baron Rothschild was paying a visit to New York, a reception was given him in a certain great house. The affair was in charge of Brown, the famous old sexton of Grace church. Another reception was being held the same evening in a house almost immediately opposite, which was also in charge of the sexton. The baron wished to attend the second affair, but the street was full of mud, the night was disagreeable and no carriage was at the curio-stone. He could not walk across without soiling his boots and evening clothes, and for the moment he was in a predicament as to what he should do. But he was soon relieved of this dilemma. "I'll carry you across myself," said Brown jovially; "now, mount my shoulders." And, grasping him as if he had been a child, he carried the nobleman across on his back. —Ladies' Home Journal.

Keeping down expenses and keeping up her faith in her husband are what make a married woman lead a strenuous life.—Atchison Globe.

South San Francisco Laundry

C. CRAFT, Prop'r.

Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco. Special attention paid to the washing of **Flannels and Silks.**

All Repairing Attended to

Your patronage respectfully Solicited. Leave orders at **BADEN CASH STORE,** South San Francisco, Cal.

UNION COURSING PARK

The Finest Inclosed COURSING PARK In the World

IS NOW IN OPERATION AT

COLMA, SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS.

ADMISSION 25 CENTS.

Ladies and Children Free.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,

REAL ESTATE

—AND—

INSURANCE

LOCAL AGENT FOR THE

South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co.

...AGENT...

HAMBURG-BREMEN,

PHOENIX of Hartford, Connecticut,

AND **HOME of New York**

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

House Broker.

Notary Public.

OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE,

Corner Grand and Linden Avenue,

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL

TOWN NEWS

Times are good.
Shake your landlord.
Become a home-maker.
Rent is a heavy tax on toil.
Make hay while the sun shines.
The freeholder is the only freeman.
The Baden Brick Co. will resume work soon.

Mrs. Moulton removed to the city on Monday.

Fresh supply of fancy candies always on hand at New Store.

Mrs. R. J. Carroll has been quite ill the past week.

P. J. Quan has removed to the new Neugebauer cottage.

A title to a mansion here will help you to one in the skies.

Don't forget the ball next Saturday evening at Armour Pavilion.

Born, in this town, April 2, 1902, to the wife of John Huber, a son.

The high price of timber is causing many to go slow on new buildings.

Large and select stock of groceries, hardware, paints, oils, etc., at New Store.

There is a good opening in this town for a first-class merchant tailor.

If lumber continues going up, people will have to use brick for building.

If you own a lot here hold on to it. If you don't, get one as quickly as possible.

Zell Rollins has the frame up of the new Healy cottage on corner Linden and Miller avenues.

It has no equal. The "Electric Savon." Debenedetti & Montevaldo, sole agents, South San Francisco.

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.

Jack Vandenberg returned to his printer's case Monday and Mrs. Jack Van left for home on Tuesday.

Pat Ferriter came down from the city Wednesday to have a chat with old neighbors and take a look at the old Grand.

Little Robt. Collins, who has been seriously ill suffering from diphtheria, is now improving and is thought to be out of danger.

The lumber dealers are kicking quite as hard as the buyers over the inflated prices of lumber. The prices are nearly prohibitive.

Ask for Debenedetti & Montevaldo's special blend of coffee, a blend of the very finest coffee.

Born, in this town, March 31, 1902, to the wife of W. H. Tinnin, a daughter. The mother and little girl are doing well and prospects are favorable for W. H.

Health Officer Barrett paid our town an official visit on Friday of last week to look into a case of diphtheria on Olive avenue and found the diphtheria patient convalescent.

Now that the heavy rains are over Supervisor Bikenkotter has put a force of men at work on San Bruno road putting that highway in order for summer travel and traffic.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveying done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Postoffice building.

Julius Dyer, who was convicted last week in the Superior Court for an assault with a deadly weapon, was fined \$50 by Judge Buck yesterday. Times-Gazette, Redwood City.

Nothing better. "The Crusade Shoe." Debenedetti & Montevaldo have them in the latest style.

The fire bell sounded an alarm about 1 o'clock Tuesday. Those who turned out saw a light and a blaze in the business portion of town, but were turned back when near the conflagration by the cry of "April fool."

The Board of Supervisors will meet next Monday. On Tuesday the members will leave for a trip through the near-by counties in search of ideas to be incorporated in the proposed new Court House at Redwood City. Leader, San Mateo.

Jerry Regan was sentenced to serve one year in San Quentin by Judge Buck Thursday morning for an assault committed on a fellow workman some few weeks ago at the Warren quarry in the First township. Regan pleaded guilty to the charge. Times-Gazette, Redwood City.

Robert Pitcher of Menlo Park was in town Thursday giving the glad hand to all. Mr. Pitcher has his weather eye on the Sheriff's office, and his visit to the county seat was to repair his political fences, which he claims are in good condition. Times-Gazette, Redwood City.

Rev. Father Cooper paid our town a visit on Thursday in company with Mr. Lynch, architect of San Francisco, to inspect the site for the Catholic church building at the corner of Linden and California streets. It is the intention to begin work on the building at an early day.

Own your own home. Stop paying rent. A magnificent five-room cottage, with bath, free from dampness; high, modern and sunny; sideboard; on most desirable part of Grand avenue. Inquire at Postoffice. Your own terms.

NOTICE

The Wahmota Council, Pocahontas Tribe No. 35, will give a grand ball at Armour Pavilion on Saturday evening, April 12, 1902. A good time for every one.

TO LET

New house, modern improvements, two flats. Lower floor flat, \$10; upper flat, \$12 per month. Inquire at Postoffice.

DEATH NOTICE

Neighbor T. H. Hatch, Progress Camp No. 425, W. of W.

Whereas, The Almighty and Supreme Ruler of the Universe, believing it wise and seeing fit, did cause the inward pulsation and transfer the noble soul of our esteemed neighbor to the bourne from which no traveler returns.

Whereas, The neighbors and members unite in extending to the bereaved parents of a noble son and affable and honorable neighbor their full sympathy and condolence. As an employee of the W. P. Fuller Co. he was respected and loved by superiors and associates, never tiring when duty called and remaining at his post till a few days of his death. Our esteemed neighbor passed his last hours away with his beloved parents, for whom he had the most sincere and devout love, and appreciation of their care while extremely helpless in his infancy.

Resolved, That this notice be spread upon the minutes of the Camp, and a copy be sent to the bereaved parents.

Committee—H. Karbe, J. H. Newman, M. J. Raab, R. J. Carroll.

Whereas, The Supreme Ruler of the Universe in his infinite wisdom, hath pleased to remove from the midst of a happy family, by the cruel hand of death, Mary J. Graham, beloved mother of Robert Graham, husband of our esteemed neighbor, Lillian Graham. Be it

Resolved, That we, Vella Flor Circle No. 368, Women of Woodcraft, extend our loving sympathy and heartfelt greeting of condolence to our bereaved neighbor and her husband; but, knowing that sympathy, however sincere, cannot lighten hearts that are filled with sorrow, we commend them unto Our Father in Heaven who has said "Come unto me all ye who are heavy laden and I will relieve ye."

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered in full on the minutes, a copy furnished our esteemed neighbor, and a copy also sent to the Enterprise for publication.

KATIE BALL, JOSIE MINER, MARY A. TAYLOR, South San Francisco, March 28, 1902.

Whereas, The Supreme Ruler of the Universe, in his infinite wisdom, hath pleased to remove from the family of our esteemed neighbor, Jessie J. Kelly, her beloved brother, William Murphy; be it

Resolved, That we, Vella Flor Circle, No. 368, Women of Woodcraft, extend our loving sympathy and heartfelt greeting of condolence to our bereaved neighbor; but, knowing our sympathies cannot lighten a heart that is filled with sorrow, we commend her to Our Father in Heaven, who has said "Come unto me all ye who are heavy laden and I will relieve ye," for "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away."

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered in full on the minutes, a copy furnished the sorrowing sister, and a copy also sent to the Enterprise for publication.

KATIE BALL, JOSIE MINER, MARY A. TAYLOR, South San Francisco, March 28, 1902.

The following is a list of letters remaining unclaimed at Postoffice, South San Francisco, Cal., April 1, 1902:

Bainbach, Chas.; Clifford, John; Crosby, Loraine; Bertalotti, Placido; Foreign—Cuneo, Geobatta; Sheehan, John.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

FOR SALE

Good improved business lot. Pays good interest on price asked. Inquire of E. E. Cunningham.

ROUND-TRIP HOMESSEKER'S RATES.

To accommodate those who have never seen California, and who may wish to look over the ground before finally deciding to move West, the Southern Pacific, through its Passenger Traffic Manager, Mr. E. O. McCormick, has applied to the Transcontinental Passenger Association for permission to put in very low second-class round-trip rates to California similar to the homeseekers' rates which were made last year, and which brought thousands of settlers to this State. Tickets will be on sale at the low rates twice a month, first and third Tuesdays, during March, April and May. The Southern Pacific is deserving of much credit for this action, which cannot fail to be beneficial to California.

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.

An equable and healthful climate.

The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

FOR SALE

Lot 50x140, with cottage of four rooms, bath, basement, laundry, etc. For price and terms apply to Mrs. H. M. Hawkins.

Press dispatches received last week indicated that the Southern Pacific had applied to the Transcontinental Passenger Association for authority to put in Colonist rates from the East to California.

The proposition did not prove acceptable to all lines, but in view of the immense benefit which must accrue to California from so great an influx of tourists, homeseekers, health seekers and investors, the Southern Pacific took the bull by the horns and arranged with its connections to take independent action and the rate of \$25 from Omaha, Kansas City and other Missouri River points will go into effect on March 1st for sixty days. The rate from Chicago will be \$33, from St. Louis and New Orleans \$30.

This action on the part of the Southern Pacific will help all sections of California, and the opportunity ought to be seized by every member of the community to bring the advantages and attractions of our State prominently before the visitors. If

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

An Unusual Contribution.

A number of years ago Mr. and Mrs. Leland Stanford were traveling through the middle west incognito. They happened to be in Bloomington, Ind., one Sunday and, pursuant to their usual custom, went to church. They attended the Christian church of Bloomington, then largely in the hands of Amzi Atwater. When the plate was passed for the collection, Mrs. Stanford dropped in a ten dollar goldpiece. Mr. Atwater was the deacon in charge of the collection taking. It was noticed that the ushers held a hurried conference with him when the money was taken forward.

At its conclusion Mr. Atwater said: "Ladies and gentlemen, there has evidently been a mistake. Some one has dropped a ten dollar goldpiece into the collection. If he will pass up after the services, we will be glad to allow him to exchange it for the amount he intended to give."

It is, of course, needless to say that Mrs. Stanford did not take advantage of the opportunity.

Mummies in America.

Comparatively few Americans realize that right here in their new old land are to be found counterparts of Egypt's great wonder—veritable catacombs of mummies as genuine as any that exist in the land of the Nile.

It is now a generally received fact that the so-called "cliff dwellers" are not an unknown race at all, but our own peace loving Pueblo Indians, who in the old days built their great stone houses much as we now build our forts—for purposes of defense.

These wonderful stone houses, far up the steep cliffs of Arizona and New Mexico, abound in relics of prehistoric days, not least among them being the mummified bodies of their former occupants.

In Peru also, at the time of its discovery by the Spaniards, the natives were very skillful in the art of mummy making.

Not at All Excited.

In a certain Wisconsin city lives an old German, now past eighty, who has for years been in the hotel business. The old gentleman is very fond of card playing, and pitch is his favorite game.

One day a couple of years ago a party was sitting about a table playing, and just as the cards had been dealt and sorted and it was up to the old gentleman to bid for the trump a boy rushed into the office and in great excitement said the barn was on fire.

Without showing the least perturbation the old gentleman turned to him, and the following conversation took place:

"Did you get out the horse?"

"Yes."

"Did you get the buggy out?"

"Yes."

"Well," turning to the players, "I bid three."—Gentleman's Magazine.

A Poverty Stricken Queen.

Partly owing to the fact that she was wedded to an avaricious king and partly because she was generous with the little money allowed her Elizabeth of York, queen of Henry VII., spent but a small amount for dress. She was very often in debt, and the sums she spent were ridiculously small, 20 shillings (\$5) being the greatest amount expended at any one time. Her gowns were mended and turned, and new waists were made for them, as is shown by the record of bills paid to her tailor. These bills prove that she wore her clothes for a long time, for her gowns were obliged to be newly hemmed, and also that, though a princess of the great house of Plantagenet, she wore shoes costing but 24 cents, which were decorated with tin buckles!

East Indian Idols.

The images of the gods in India are not made by a separate caste, but the carpenters and masons respectively make the large wooden and stone idols set up in the temples, the potters the clay idols consumed in daily worship and the braziers, coppersmiths and goldsmiths the little images in brass, copper, mixed metal and gold and silver that are always kept in private homes. The East Indians regard an alloy of brass with five other metals—gold, silver, iron, tin and lead, making, with the copper and zinc of the brass, a mixture of light metals—as a perfect alloy, and this is highly prized as a material for sacred images.

The Same Air.

Mrs. Homer—Jane, open that window and let a little fresh air into the house.

Jane—It isn't fresh air at all, mem; it's the same air that's been about here all the morning.—Boston Transcript.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Desirable cattle of all kinds are selling at strong prices and are in demand.

SHEEP—Sheep of all kinds are selling at strong prices.

HOGS—Hogs are in demand at strong prices.

PROVISIONS—Provisions are in fair demand at steady prices.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are \$10 (less 50 per cent shrinkage on cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

CATTLE—No. 1 Fat Native Steers, 9@9½; 2d quality, 8@8½; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 7@7½; No. 2 Cows and Heifers, 6½@7; thin Cows, 4@6.

HOGS—Hard, grain-fed, 250 lbs and under 6¼@6½; over 250 to 300 lbs, 5¼@5½; rough heavy hogs, 4@4½.

SHEEP—Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 lbs. and under, 4¼@5c; ewes, 4@4½; 8 horn sheep, ½c less. Yearling Lambs, 5@5½c per lb live wt.; Spring Lambs, 5¼@6.

CALVES—Under 250 lbs, alive gross weight, 5@5½c; over 250 lbs, 4¼@4½c.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses.

BEER—First quality steers, 7½; second quality, 7@7½c; first quality cows and heifers, 6½@7c; second quality, 6¼ third quality, 5@6c.

VEAL—Large, 8@8½; small, good, 9@9½; common, 6@7c.

MUTTON—Wethers, 8¼@9½c; Ewes, 8@9c; Yearling Lambs, 9@10c; Spring Lambs, 11@12c.

DRESSED HOGS—Hard, 8¼@9c.

PROVISIONS—Hams, 12@13c; picnic hams, 9c; Atlanta ham, 9c; New York, shoulder, 9c.

BACON—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 15c; light S. C. bacon, 14½c; med. bacon, clear, 12½c; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 14c; clear light, 14c; clear ex. light, 15c.

BEER—Extra Family, bbl, \$13.50; do, hf-bbl, \$7.00; Family Beer, bbl, \$13.00; hf-bbl, \$6.75; Extra Mess, bbl, \$13.00; do, hf-bbl, \$6.75.

PORK—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 11½c; do, light, 11¼c; do, Bellies, 11½c; Extra Clear, bbls., \$24.00; hf-bbls., \$12.25; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls., \$4.15; do, kits, \$1.10.

LARD—Prices are \$10: Tcs. ½-bbls. 50s. 20s. 10s. 5s. Compound 8½ 8¼ 8½ 8½ 9 9½ Cal. pure 11½ 11¼ 1 1¼ 1¼ 1¼ 1¼ 1¼ In 3-lb tins the price on each is ½c higher than on 5-lb tins.

CANNED MEATS—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, \$2.35; 1s \$1.35; Roast Beef, 2s \$2.35; 1s, \$1.35.

The Cobra of India.

Among the true cobras of India the naja is found all over India and Ceylon, Burma, the Andaman islands, southern China and the Malay peninsula and archipelago. It ascends the Himalayas to an altitude of 8,000 feet. It extends also over Afghanistan and through Persia to the eastern shore of the Caspian. It may attain a length of nearly seven and a half feet, but it is usually not more than a little over five and a half feet long. Najas vary much in color and markings, but have generally the spectacle mark on the back of the neck, which they always distend before making an attack. Quarterly Review.

Twain and the Printer.

Mary Twain once had a trying experience with a compositor, one of those conscientious compositors who not only know, but know that they know. According to a writer in Harper's Weekly, Mr. Clemens had received from his publishers the proofs of a story which he considered as funny as anything he had ever written, but on reading the proofs he dimly discovered that the fun had been carefully eliminated. Mr. Clemens returned the proofs, congratulating the compositor upon having consumed "only one week in making sense of a story which he himself required two weeks to make nonsense of!"

The English Language.

I like to be beholden to the great metropolitan English speech, the sea which receives tributaries from every region under heaven. I should as soon think of swimming across the Charles river when I wish to go to Boston as of reading all my books in originals when I have them rendered for me in my English tongue.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Followed Directions.

"We shall have to try again," said the photographer, inspecting the result of the first sitting. "You seem to have had one eye shut."

"You told me to wink naturally," said the sitter, "and that's what I was trying to do."

"Ah nevah could undahstan!" said Charcoal Eph as he helped himself to a piece of corn bread, "w'y er man blow on he soup ter git hit cool, blow on he han's ter keep dem wahm an' blow on hissef ter beat de ban." Hgb some ob de fowl, Mistah Jackson?"—Baltimore News.

Idea Dental Co.

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Where comfort and good cheer are dispensed with a cordial hospitality.

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Fresh Bread, Cakes and Pies delivered at any hour of every day. Fancy Cakes and Ice Cream made to order. Genuine French Bread baked every day.

HENRY MICHELFELDER, Prop

ANENT MOTHER GOOSE.

Oh, when I was a little boy,
With ringlets flying loose,
I loved before my finest toy
The rhymes of Mother Goose;
And now, though my bald-headed days
Have turned my whiskers white,
I read these ancient baby lays
With all the old delight.

I read them with the same old joy,
And fancy flowing free,
Unto my golden-headed boy
As they were read to me.
He claps his hands and, all a whizz,
His features glow and shine,
Until the thoughts that now are his
Are those that once were mine.

Perhaps when he, like me, is old,
He'll take upon his knee
His little child with curls of gold
All floating fair and free;
And read him all these rhymes a-beam
To make his spirit glad,
And for a fleeting moment dream
About his dear old dad.
—Munsey's Magazine.

Married to Order

WHEN Theodore Clayton stepped down the gangplank of the lake steamer for Sandwich he was in a peculiar state of mind, and there seemed to be a sufficient reason for this. His father had actually ordered him to go up to a little summer resort in Central New Hampshire and do nothing more or less than marry Jean Weston!

"Theo," the senior Clayton had said, "it is high time you were settled down in life. You've dallied about in nearly every country on the face of the globe, you've met all classes of women, and you've failed to bring home a wife. Now, I want you firm to continue under the same family name long after both you and I have gone to meet our illustrious ancestors on the other side. I would have been eminently satisfied with any choice of a wife I feel sure you would make, but you have failed to make this choice after every opportunity in the world and I believe you never will do it unaided."

"I have in mind a young woman whom I shall expect you to marry. Her name is Jean Weston. I have seen her; she is attractive; about your age, and eminently suited to you as a life companion. I have two reasons besides all this why I want you to marry her. She is the niece of a young woman whom I was about to marry when she died, and she has an ample store of health and the world's goods. Now—"

"But, father," put in the astonished Theo, "how do you know she will have me? How do you know—"

"How do I know! How do I know!" sputtered Clayton senior. "I've arranged all that. Her father would be pleased with the match—he knows you—and his daughter has your photograph, over which, from reports, she seems to be enraptured; besides, do you want me to think a Clayton would doubt his ability to win any bride he had set his heart upon? You—"

"But, father," again interposed the astonished and perplexed son.

"But me no buts," young man. You've had your fling and a good one, too. Now do not doubt my ability to choose for you, who, evidently, cannot choose for yourself. You'll find Miss Weston stopping at the Hollywood House, up in Sandwich, New Hampshire. Run along, now; pack up your best suits and your golf clubs and start. Send me reports of your progress."

This, then, explains young Clayton's peculiar state of mind as he approached the Center Harbor stage, in which he was to complete the journey to the bride-to-be of his father's choice.

"Fiew want tew go this trip you'll haf ter set up on them air mail bags," said the driver of the ancient vehicle to Theo; so he clambered up and perched himself like a watch dog over Uncle Sam's mail sacks, where he proceeded to enjoy a cigar.

The nasal jargon of the stage driver below attracted his attention, however, and he was soon deeply interested in learning that an elderly lady could be accommodated with a seat upon an empty egg crate placed between the two top seats of the stage coach if her daughter would not object to "settlin' up thar with that feller on th' mail sacks."

Theo was pleased to see the young lady accept this only alternative and ascend gracefully over the rear wheel to a position beside him upon the mail sacks.

She brushed a few willful locks of her hair back from her forehead with an easy gesture, and as Theo made a move as if to throw away his not half consumed cigar she exclaimed:

"Oh, don't stop smoking on my account, please; possession gives you this attractive place by nine points of the law, I believe, and, besides, I adore the odor of a good cigar!"

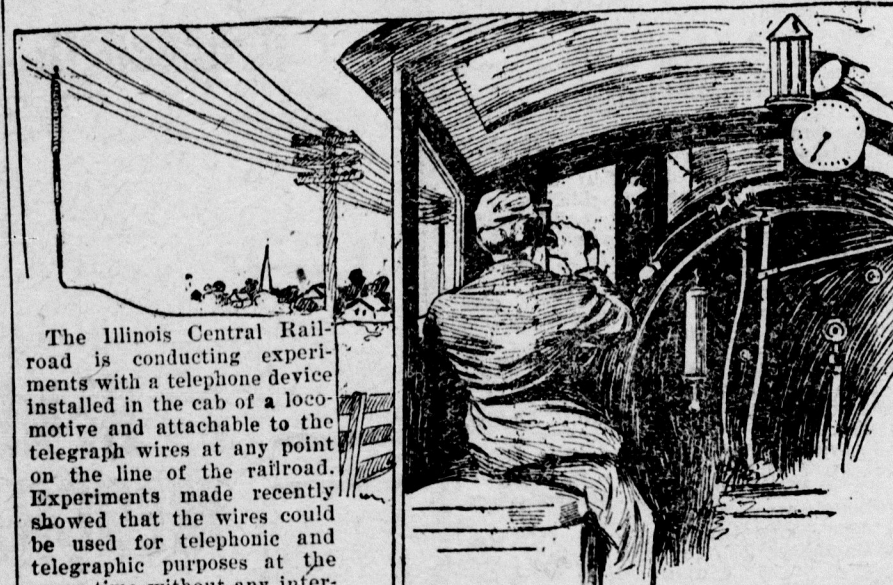
"Thank you," said he, and soon he commenced to marvel upon the strangeness of his errand, which was naturally occupying about all his thoughts at that time. He had implicit faith in his father's judgment and never had he considered for a moment the idea of disobeying him since he left his teens, hence no such thought occurred to him at this time.

"Ah!—Oooooo!"

Theo awoke to his surroundings in time to see the young lady beside him slipping, mail sack and all, towards the coach wheel below.

Grasping her firmly with one hand

ENGINEER TELEPHONES FROM HIS CAB BY MEANS OF A NEW DEVICE.



The Illinois Central Railroad is conducting experiments with a telephone device installed in the cab of a locomotive and attachable to the telephone wires at any point on the line of the railroad. Experiments made recently showed that the wires could be used for telephonic and telegraphic purposes at the same time without any interruption to the Morse code. Experiments already conducted on the New York Central over a shorter distance than on the Illinois Central gave results which were satisfactory. The usual telephone receiver and transmitter are placed in the cab of an engine. When it is desired to communicate with the nearest station the train is stopped and a rod is connected with the telephone wires attached to the cab is hooked on one of the telegraph wires. The separation of the telephonic and telegraphic currents is accomplished by means of individualizing condensers, which ground the telephone current through the engine.

and the mail sack with the other he quickly brought both back to a place of safety.

"You were evidently moved with the contents of those letters," he remarked cheerfully. "I was absent in a day dream or I would have prevented your fright. If I am to guard against young ladies taking away whole sacks of Uncle Sam's mail I must keep a better watch."

His companion was blushing furiously and with downcast eyes she murmured a word of thanks. Then Theo saw that he had not removed his arm from her waist. It was his turn to become embarrassed as he took his arm away.

"I think," he hesitated. "I think it time we introduced ourselves," and he handed her his card.

She was gazing down over the side of the coach upon the huge wheel that but for him might have crushed her, and she became pale.

"You and your novel toboggan would have slid over the wheel, not under it," he said, divining her thoughts as he held towards her his card.

Flushing once more, she gravely read the name, and as gravely handed him her own from out her pocket-book.

Then it was his turn to do the lightning change act with his features, for he read: Miss Weston.

"I beg your pardon," he stammered, "but if your first name is Jean I think I know you; that is, I know of you," and he looked at her expectantly.

"Why, yes, that is my name," she answered, with a puzzled air, "but I must add, Mr. Clayton, that I never saw or heard of you before, to my knowledge."

"She's a cool one," said Theo to himself; "doesn't intend to admit in any manner that the whole affair is cut and dried. Well, I must say the old man is a 'corker' for sure. His judgment is all O. K. I won't let on. If she wants to pretend that this never-heard-of-you-before business I'll help her out."

"I may be mistaken," he replied aloud, "but I merely thought I heard of a Miss Jean Weston. However, I am well satisfied, now that I know a Miss Jean Weston. Do you make the entire trip on this stage?" he asked, by way of changing the subject.

"No, I am only going to the Lower Corner, as the place is called. We are to stay at the Laurelwood House; it will be our next stop," replied Miss Weston.

"Why, that is where I am going," Theo blandly assured her. "The splendid golf links attached to the house attracted me."

Miss Weston murmured something confusedly, for she knew that part of the country well, and was aware that the only golf links in the county were attached to the Hollywood House grounds, ten miles from the Laurelwood House.

A few days later Theo's father received a letter from his son, which contained the following:

"Have met Miss Jean Weston, and am charmed with her. She is stopping at the Laurelwood House, ten miles from the Hollywood, where you said I would find her."

A fortnight later, Clayton, Sr., received another letter from his son, in which he was assured the affair was proceeding in a most satisfactory manner.

This was wholly true, for Theo and Miss Weston were the best of friends, with every prospect of becoming more than friends in a short time. One day they were making a trip a-wheel and stopped at the Hollywood House for dinner.

"Oh, look, Mr. Clayton, cried Miss Weston, 'here is my namesake!'" and Theo was speechless and nearly breathless as he gazed upon the Hollywood register at the name: Miss Weston.

"I must see her," cried Theo's companion, which was but echoing his own sentiments.

The waiter told them when she came into the dining room.

"Miss Weston is highly cultured. It is almost aggressively stamped upon her whole being. Fair to look upon, but evidently unlovable. So this is the wife 'pater' picked out for me," was Theo's summary.

"Stuck up and no better looking or attractive than I!" This was Miss Weston's summary of her namesake, while she said aloud:

"Beautiful, is she not?"

"Not as beautiful as thou," promptly quoted Theo.

That night "his Miss Weston" as he called her, accepted him, while Miss Weston No. 2, who had his photograph, yet did not recognize him that day with his summer beard, was waiting at the Hollywood and wondering where her ready-made wooer could be, and why he did not show up, as per previously arranged plan.

This note Theo sent to his father:

"I have been accepted by Miss Jean Weston, and the marriage is to take place at her home the coming Thanksgiving. This is obeying you to the letter, and if not satisfactory let me know at once."

His reply was:

"Good boy! I knew you could do it. Am both satisfied and pleased. You may tell Miss Weston my present to her will be a check with five figures upon it. You have my warmest consent and the knowledge that a Clayton never goes back on his word."

And he never did go back on his word, although when he learned what Theo meant by "obeying him to the letter" there was at first a stormy scene, then the old man smiled sheepishly and gave his son a warm hand-clasp.—Indianapolis Sun.

OCEAN'S REPUTATION GOING.

Increase in Ships on the Pacific Followed by Increase in Disasters.

The Pacific Ocean is fast losing the reputation implied in the name given to it by Magellan, and which it owes to the placid appearance of its surface when he first saw it. The change is one of the inevitable results of the growth of commerce. Prior to the discovery of gold in California comparatively few vessels sailed over its waters. There were, therefore, few casualties to report. In late years, however, commerce has extended in all directions. The ocean is filling with ships, and the disasters of the sea are multiplying proportionately.

Along the California coast the ocean is placid enough to retain its reputation as pacific. Storms are rare. It is not often that its waters are lashed into fury like those of the Atlantic in these latitudes. But along the Oregon, Washington, British Columbia and Alaskan coasts there is little if any difference between the conditions prevailing in the Pacific from those existing in the Atlantic ocean. Mariners now dread Cape Flattery, at the entrance to the Strait of Juan de Fuca, almost if not quite as much as they do Cape Hatteras, on the eastern coast. Wrecks are lining the northwestern coast of the continent as they do the northeastern shores of it.

As the Pacific ocean is gradually filling with the white-winged and steam-propelled agents of commerce the ratio of shipwrecks is correspondingly rising. Perhaps there have been more wrecks on the Pacific coast than should have been experienced if the same precautions against disaster had been adopted in the navigation of Pacific waters as are taken in the Atlantic ocean. The Pacific has undoubtedly been made the graveyard of many steam and sail vessels which were transferred to it from the Atlantic ocean because they were not considered safe to keep in commission in the latter, under the mistaken belief that milder weather and smoother water were to be found here. Others have been lost through the vicious practice of overloading, the risk being taken on account of the same error of opinion regarding the placidity of these waters.

Ship-owners are, however, fast learning, says the San Francisco Chronicle, that rotten hulks and overloaded craft are not any more immune from disaster here than they are anywhere else. The growth of commerce and the increasing perils of navigation resulting from it demand the abandonment of both.

Modern Postal System.

The comparatively modern origin of the present postal system, not only in Great Britain, but all over the world, is shown by the fact that King Edward is the first British monarch whose accession has made the issue of freshly designed postage stamps necessary.

What Ice Will Support.

Ice one and one-half inches thick will support a man; eighteen inches thick a railway train.

If a mother will not see any wrong in her son, the law may have to.

HER HUSBAND WAS THE RICHEST MAN IN CONGRESS.

The death of Charles F. Sprague, who was the richest man in the House of Representatives, leaves a widow with social aspirations. She lives in a palace at Brookline, Mass. She is a society rival of Mrs. Jack Gardner, of Boston.

Mrs. Sprague's latest act in rivalry of Mrs. Jack Gardner was her most sensational one. Piqued by Mrs. Gard-



MRS. CHAS. F. SPRAGUE.

ner's purchase of an old Italian palace and its transportation to and erection in Boston, Mrs. Sprague also bought an Italian palace. It was the handsomest she could find in Venice.

She bought it as it stood, furnishings and fittings, from cellar flags to roofing tiles, and had it transported piece by piece to this country and rebuilt in Brookline.

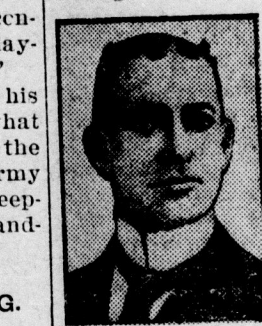
Every bit of wood, marble, tapestry, furniture and rugs of the new house were part of the old Venetian palace, and as it stands it is a bit of Venice in America.

Mrs. Sprague has \$20,000,000 in her own right.

THE LATE BILLY WEST.

Famous Minstrel Who Achieved Popularity and Gained a Fortune.

William H. West, familiarly known as Billy West, who passed away in Chicago recently, had spent nearly all his life in amusing others and had amassed a fortune thereby. When he went on the road, as a lad of 14—leaving his father's farm near Albany, N. Y., in 1867—his salary was \$3 per week. That he worked hard and did not make a mistake in marking



WILLIAM H. WEST.

out his course is evidenced by the fact that he left a fortune reputed to be between \$250,000 and \$275,000. Since he was 16 years old he had played in minstrels and for 26 years George Primrose was his partner. Barlow, Wilson and Thatcher were partners at different periods.

West was a dignified and gentlemanly performer. He was the originator of the white-faced minstrel and was conceded to be the greatest of interlocutors. He was at his best dressed in court costume plying question to the end men. He was an artistic manager, and had an eye to the beautiful. The Shakespearean first part, which he originated was an innovation in the minstrel business.

West's first wife was Fay Templeton, who left him for Howard Osborne. His widow was formerly Emma Hanley, a comic opera singer.

He Agreed.

An amusing incident occurred the other afternoon in a gentlemen's outfitting shop in New street, Birmingham, when a customer came into purchase a hat. He tried on several, and was evidently hard to please, the counter becoming covered with the rejected. At last the salesman picked up a brown felt bowler, brushed it round with his arm, and extended it admiringly.

"These are being very much worn this season, sir," he explained.

"Are they?" said the customer, thoughtfully surveying himself in the mirror, with the hat on his head. "Do you think it suits me?"

"Suits you to perfection, sir—if the fit's right."

"Yes; it fits very well. So you think I had better have it?"

"I don't think you could do better, sir."

"No, I don't think I could; so I won't have a new one."

The salesman had been pushing the old hat.—London Spare Moments.

Precaution Against Accidents.

In the great railroad tunnel in Saxony the company makes sure that there shall be no collisions by having a staff which must be in the possession of the engineer taking his train through the tunnel. There is only one staff, so that only one train can go through or be in the tunnel at the same time. Every engineer who arrives at the mouth of the tunnel is stopped, and he is not allowed to go ahead until the staff is given to him. If the staff is at the other end of the tunnel he must wait until it comes back.

Machine to "Lick" Envelopes.

A machine has just been installed in the pension office at Washington which will "lick" and seal 25,000 official envelopes a day. Previously the work was done by hand.

We wonder what the manufacturers of some great nerve tonic never tried it on a man about to be hanged.

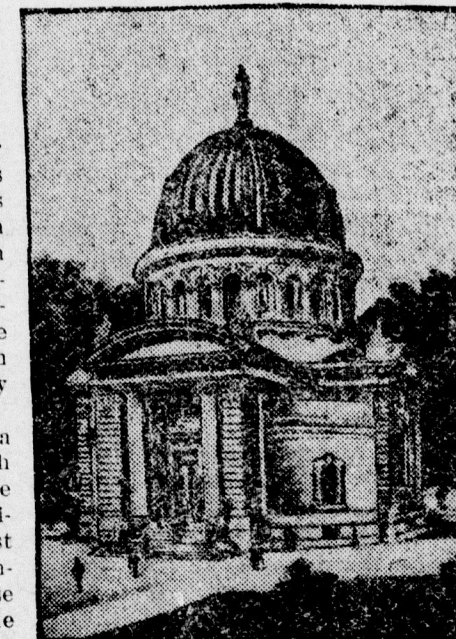
When your friends say they wish you would tell them what you want, call the bluff and tell them.

CHAPEL ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF HEROES WHO WENT DOWN WITH THE MAINE.

THE United States Government, in memory of the terrible catastrophe in Havana harbor, has erected a most beautiful chapel on the campus of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland.

February 15th, 1898, is a day ever memorable to the American people as a day of great sorrow and anger. News most shocking flew over the wires from one end of the land to the other. In the harbor of Havana our proud battleship Maine had suddenly been demolished by some submarine explosive force, and with its shattered iron form 254 brave marines had sunk instantly into the deep wet grave.

Thus the Maine will ever occupy a prominent place in history. Through this sad and fearful event was not the immediate cause of the Spanish-American war, it nevertheless was the most deplorable prelude of the ensuing conflict and the dire signal of the collapse of Spain as a world power. With the Maine there were lost seventeen times as many lives as in the two great naval battles of this war, the brilliant victories of Dewey off Manila and of Schley off Santiago. A nation but honors itself when honoring those who have sacrificed their lives in her behalf. And the men of the Maine who, without warning, went down in their cabins



MAINE MEMORIAL CHAPEL.

mortally wounded to fight a short, grim battle with the overpowering element, died in the service of their country no less than the gallant hero who bleeds and falls and dies in the pitched battle of the open field.

CAREER OF A PLUNGER

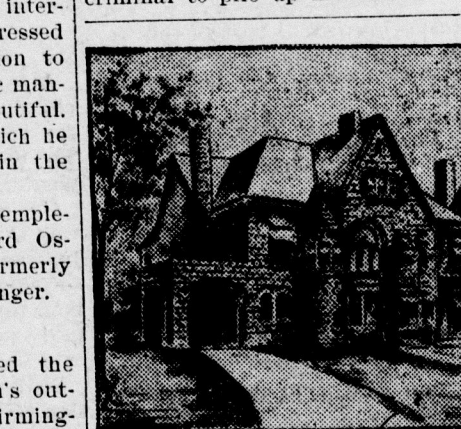
METEORIC LIFE OF THE DETROIT BANK WRECKER.

F. C. Andrews Left a Farm at 19, Was a Millionaire at 31, Lost His Fortune in Six Months and Swindled Others Out of \$2,000,000.

There is nothing in the recent history of the financial world to compare with the meteoric career of Frank C. Andrews, of the Detroit City Savings Bank, of which he was vice president, and which was obliged to suspend business when it was discovered that his indebtedness to the institution exceeded \$1,000,000.

When Andrews landed in Detroit twelve years ago he was 19 years old and had a capital of \$125. In a little more than a decade he made \$1,000,000, had a large interest in several banks, controlled a leading newspaper, was treasurer of three electric railroads, lived in a \$100,000 mansion, gave his \$5,000 salary as a police commissioner to charity and was dreaming of getting into the Governor's chair when the crash came.

Six months ago Andrews was at the zenith of his glory. Though he then declared that a fortune of a million ought to satisfy any man, and that it was criminal to pile up mountains of gold



HOME OF FRANK C. ANDREWS.

as some men were doing in Detroit, he did not cease speculating. The consequence is that to-day he is penniless and owes sums so vast to persons who were the victims of his swindling operations that they cannot be accurately estimated. His indebtedness is said to approximate \$2,000,000.

Came from the Farm.

Andrews was born near Romeo, a few miles from Detroit. He was 19 years old when he left a country store in 1890 to locate in Detroit. He got a position in a real estate office, but a few months later joined the force of a larger concern, where he became notable for his nervous activity. He was a tireless worker, surcharged with energy. He was not content with his salary, and as a side business arranged with property owners to sell their lots. He was so successful that he made \$3,000 the first year. He had also impressed his employer so favorably that he was taken into partnership the second year, and he was put in charge of the loan department. He managed it so ably and conservatively that he made money for the firm, and not one of his mortgages was ever foreclosed. He was an indefatigable worker, and in two years had earned a fortune of \$25,000. He had a high sense of his credit, and he never asked the banks for any loans without submitting good paper. His business brought him into contact with a well-to-do class of men, but made no effort to get into the social swim. For about eight years he led a modest, busy life.

About 1895 he began to dabble in stocks. He believed the country was on the eve of an era of prosperity, and he began to put his theory of speculation to the test. He operated cautiously, contenting himself with small profits and making quick returns. The senior member of the firm frowned on the practice as soon as he learned of it, and the partners gradually drifted apart. They were warm friends, but Andrews by degrees got out of the business,

though he was nominally a member of the firm for several years thereafter. He really believed himself a favorite of destiny, a Napoleon of finance, but forgot Waterloo. The ins and outs of his speculation are known only to himself and his brokers, but it is believed that the copper mines of Michigan were a source of great profit to him. Early in his career he began investing his surplus profits in the stock of banks. He thus acquired holdings in the City Savings, the Dime Savings and the Preston National Banks, of Detroit, the Park National of New York, the First National of Romeo, and the Romeo Savings Bank. He secured 350 of the 1,500 shares in the City Savings, and it was understood that the burden of management should fall on him and the cashier. In 1899 he branched out in a new direction by financing the Detroit, Rochester, Romeo and Lake Orion Railroad, an electric line to run twenty-five miles out of Detroit. Subsequently he also undertook to place the bonds of the Grand Rapids, Holland and Lake Michigan and the Lake Orion and Flint Railroads. He became treasurer of all three. He was chosen treasurer of the Detroit Reduction Company, was a special partner in at least three manufacturing concerns, and he invested in a number of mines. One of these was the Quebedilla, of Mexico, which had made nearly \$5,000,000 for its Detroit owners before. Two years ago he helped to capture and reorganize the Preston National Bank, for which purpose it was necessary to buy up a majority of the \$700,000 of stock. Then followed the organization of the Detroit Trust Company.

From financing the young plunger turned his attention to politics about a year and a half ago. Looking over the situation last August, he found himself worth \$1,000,000, and he contemplated retiring from active business to devote his time to his duties as police commissioner and to his political ambitions. In an interview he said: "I have nothing to sell and do not wish to buy anything. I have about all I want in this world, and will devote part of my surplus energy to assisting others."

The Sensational Finish.

But the plunger made a mistake; he did not know when he had enough. He could not break the habit of speculation so easily. He thought he saw a chance to make one more "killing" in Amalgamated Copper stock, and he plunged as usual. He is said to have held 10,000 to 12,000 shares and to have bought some of it as high as 121. It went off about 60 points, which might account for a loss of \$800,000 to \$700,000, but he pyramided his losses by buying on the scale down. His fortune melted away like snow in a July sun. He became desperate. He tried to recoup in other stocks and lost. He borrowed \$272,000 of the First National Bank, \$100,000 of the Preston National Bank, \$70,000 of the Detroit Trust, \$60,000 of the State Savings and \$160,000 of the Detroit National. These loans aggregated \$662,000, and Andrews is supposed to have deposited in those banks stocks and bonds worth about \$1,000,000.

About Jan. 15 President Pingree of the City Savings Bank went east, and during the next twenty days Vice President Andrews overdraw his account at that bank by \$913,000, forbidding Cashier Andrews to notify the directors. Then he persuaded the cashier to certify to worthless checks for \$662,000, with which the plunger is said to have paid off his indebtedness at the other banks, receiving his securities back.

There was just one sentimental phase in this man's character—his devotion to his wife. She was a country girl, whom he married when he was on the threshold of his marvelous career. It was his ambition to give his wife the best home in Detroit, and when he moved into a \$100,000 home on Woodward avenue last summer he nearly realized that all-absorbing wish. They had no thought, however, of going into society.

Andrews once said: "I do not see that a man can make a fortune unless he speculates. Don't you ever believe that by saving money a man can accumulate a great capital. He does it in strikes and big bunches. Human life is too short for the slow processes of thrift. All my good fortune has resulted from taking chances."

Spring Humors

Come to most people and cause many troubles—pimples, boils and other eruptions, besides loss of appetite, that tired feeling, fits of biliousness, indigestion and headache.

The sooner one gets rid of them the better, and the way to get rid of them and to build up the system that has suffered from them is to take

Hood's Sarsaparilla and Pills

Forming in combination the Spring Medicine par excellence, of unequalled strength in purifying the blood as shown by unequalled, radical and permanent cures of

Scrofula **Salt Rheum**
Scald Head **Boils, Pimples**
All Kinds of Humor **Psoriasis**
Blood Poisoning **Rheumatism**
Catarrh **Dyspepsia, Etc.**

Accept no substitute, but be sure to get Hood's, and get it today.

THE BEST WATERPROOF CLOTHING IN THE WORLD

BEARS THIS TRADE MARK

TOWER'S FISH BRAND

MADE IN BLACK OR YELLOW

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTES

ON SALE EVERYWHERE

CATALOGUES FREE

SHOWING FULL LINE OF GARMENTS AND HATS

A. J. TOWER CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Pigs want water to drink, even if they are fed on slops.

CATARRH CANNOT BE CURED

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, price 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A Little Misunderstanding.

Soon after the convening of a new session of congress announcement was made of the approaching marriage of Anson G. McCook, who was then secretary of the senate. A subscription was immediately started among the senators for the purchase of a wedding present. Two or three prominent senators volunteered to collect the money. Senator X., one of the richest men in the senate at that time, was one of these.

Seeing a new senator who had not yet been approached on the subject, Senator X. went to him and said, "Senator Blank, I want you to give me \$25."

"What for?" demanded the new member.

"For McCook's wedding present," explained Senator X.

"I'll see you about it tomorrow," answered Senator Blank, with a scowl.

"All right," said Senator X. as he walked away, "but don't forget it."

Senator Blank watched him until he was out of hearing, and then, turning to his colleague, remarked with warmth:

"Well, I've heard of cheeky things in my life, but that man beats all! What do you think? He just asked me to give him \$25 to buy a wedding present for his cook!"—New York Times.

Do Your Work Well.

Possibly you think your employer does not notice you or know about your work. The writer of this was talking the other evening to an extensive employer of labor, and he talked most of the evening about his workmen. He knew all about every one of them, from the head man to the laborers, and noted their good and bad points. Don't forget that your employer knows all about you. When he needs a new foreman or superintendent, he knows the one to select.—Atchison Globe.

If you have a dime, don't make yourself believe it is a dollar. That is what you do when you stop work to tell what a good man you are.—Atchison Globe.

Tired Out

"I was very poorly and could hardly get about the house. I was tired out all the time. Then I tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and it only took two bottles to make me feel perfectly well."—Mrs. N. S. Swinney, Princeton, Mo.

Tired when you go to bed, tired when you get up, tired all the time. Why? Your blood is impure, that's the reason. You are living on the border line of nerve exhaustion. Take Ayer's Sarsaparilla and be quickly cured.

51.00 a bottle. All druggists.

Ask your doctor what he thinks of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. He knows all about this grand old family medicine. Follow his advice and you will be satisfied.

J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

HE SIGNED HIS NAME.

Story of Frank Hatton When He Became Postmaster General.

"Frank Hatton was a great stickler for details," said a former representative of congress who had been in Washington when Mr. Hatton was postmaster general the other day, "and when he entered the cabinet in the latter part of Arthur's administration he carried this habit with him. He let it be known among the heads of bureaus and divisions that he proposed to familiarize himself with the business of the department until he had grasped all the details of the work over which he presided."

"The second day at his desk the venerable colored messenger who attended him brought the usual large bundle of letters to be signed. It was a pile of typewritten epistles, inches thick. The messenger placed them before Mr. Hatton and, with a blotting pad in hand, stood waiting for the signature, as he had done for Mr. Hatton's predecessors since Hayes' time. The first letter was a long one on a topic with which the new postmaster general was not familiar and so formal, legal and involved that one reading did not make its meaning clear. Mr. Hatton hesitated, wrinkled his forehead and mused to himself:

"What's this all about anyway? It's all news to me. I don't know whether I approve of the things it says or not. I can't make head or tail out of it. I don't know whether it's a good thing or not."

"The old messenger, standing with blotting pad raised, leaned over and placed his forefinger on the space at the end of the last page and answered:

"Well, neither do I, but you sign your name there."

"Mr. Hatton signed."—New York Times.

The Light on the Isle of Pharos.

The most famous lighthouse of antiquity stood on the isle of Pharos, off the city of Alexandria, in Egypt. It was one of the seven wonders of the world and was put up during the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus. After standing up 1,600 years it was destroyed by an earthquake. It is understood to have been over 500 feet high.

A Clever Retort.

A legal dignitary who had risen from a humble rank of life was twitted by an opponent for "having begun life as a barber's boy." "It is true that I did so," was the answer, "and if you had begun in a similar station you would have remained there till the present day."

CANCER

Sufferers from this horrible malady nearly always inherit it—not necessarily from the parents, but may be from some remote ancestor, for Cancer often runs through several generations. This deadly poison may lay dormant in the blood for years, or until you reach middle life, then the first little sore or ulcer makes its appearance—or some other part of the body, breast, or some other part of the body, gives a warning.

To cure Cancer thoroughly and permanently all the poisonous virus must be eliminated from the blood—every vestige of it driven out. This S. S. S. does, and is the only medicine that can reach deep seated, obstinate blood troubles like this. When all the poison has been forced out of the system the Cancer heals, and the disease never returns.

Cancer begins often in a small way, as the following letter from Mrs. Shirer shows:

"A small pimple came on my jaw about an inch below the ear on the left side of my face. It gave me no pain or inconvenience, and I should have forgotten about it had it not begun to inflame and itch; it would bleed a little, then scab over, but would not heal. This continued for some time, when my jaw began to swell, becoming very painful. The Cancer began to eat and spread, until it was as large as a half dollar, when I heard of S. S. S. and determined to give it a fair trial, and it was remarkable what a wonderful effect it had from the very beginning; the sore began to heal and after taking a few bottles disappeared entirely. This was two years ago; there are still no signs of the Cancer, and my general health continues good."—Mrs. R. Shirer, La Plata, Mo.

It is the greatest of all blood purifiers, and the only one guaranteed purely vegetable. Send for our free book on Cancer, containing valuable and interesting information about this disease, and write our physicians about your case. We make no charge for medical advice.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

No "Tick" Obtainable.

Telegraph Operator—I am sorry, sir, but the rules of this company make it impossible for me to send your message "collect." That privilege we are not allowed to extend to absolute strangers.

Applicant—Do you mean for me to understand by that that you can't trust me?

Telegraph Operator—Under the circumstances, sir, it is impossible for me to do so.

Applicant—Well, that gets the best of me! I thought of all places on the face of the earth a telegraph office was the likeliest to get anything on tick.—Boston Courier.

Umbrella Inconspicuous.

"There's something remarkable about this umbrella," said Jawleigh, exhibiting the antique handle.

"I suppose," remarked his friend, "you refer to the fact that while your name is John Anderson Jawleigh the monogram is F. L. T.?" Nothing peculiar about that at all, sir.—Baltimore News.

Trade Craft.

"We are turning out some very elaborate scales," said the agent—"some that will attract the attention of your customers."

"Do you suppose I want my customers to watch the scales?" asked the surprised butcher. "Give me the plainest style you have."—Chicago News.

DAN GROSVENOR SAYS:

"Peruna is an Excellent Spring Catarrh Remedy—I am as Well as Ever."



Hon. Dan. A. Grosvenor, of the Famous Ohio Family.

Hon. Dan. A. Grosvenor, Deputy Auditor for the War Department, in a letter written from Washington, D. C., says:

"Allow me to express my gratitude to you for the benefit derived from one bottle of Peruna. One week has brought wonderful changes and I am now as well as ever. Besides being one of the very best spring tonics it is an excellent catarrh remedy."

Very respectfully,
Dan. A. Grosvenor.

Hal P. Denton, Chief National Export Exposition, Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "I was completely run down from overwork and the responsibility naturally connected with the exploitation of a great international exposition. My physician recommended an extended vacation. When life seemed almost a burden I began taking Peruna, and with the use of the fifth bottle I found myself in a normal condition. I have since enjoyed the best of health."

Almost everybody needs a tonic in the spring. Something to brace the nerves, invigorate the brain, and cleanse the blood. That Peruna will do this is beyond all question. Everyone who has tried it has had the same experience as Mrs. D. W. Timberlake, of Lynchburg, Va., who, in a recent letter, made use of the following words: "I always take a dose of Peruna after business hours, as it is a better spring tonic, and I have used about all of them."

For a free book on "Chronic Catarrh," address The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio.

At the height of one mile the average velocity of the wind is four times as great as at the earth's surface.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

In China there is twenty times as much coal as in all Europe.

ADAMS SANSAPARILLA PILLS.
A spring medicine for Constipation, Impure Blood, Pimples, Sallow Complexion. 10c, 25c.

Life to a Lazy Liver!
Lazy, leaden liver causes nine-tenths of all deaths. Give your liver life with Cascarets Candy Cathartic and save your own life. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

One-third of the people who go mad are said to recover their senses, so don't despair.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE 50c trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 261 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

At first a girl wants nothing but a husband, but after she gets him she wants all his income.

NO MORE DARNING.

Users of **RACINE FEET** and **HOSIERY** can throw away their darning bags. Our goods wear because they are genuine. We want a local agent to sell on liberal commission. **AMES, WYNE & CO.,** 214 Pine St., San Francisco.

ADAMS SANSAPARILLA PILLS.
A spring medicine to purify the Blood. They Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Sick Headaches. 10c, 25c.

Hot water, steam and volcanic stones are being discharged from a well drilled to a depth of 500 feet in the Colorado desert.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough Cure.—J. W. O'Brien, 322 Third Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 8, 1900.

There is a general crisis for wine-growers, because of an overproduction in the entire world.

FAKE HAIR PREPARATIONS.
Do Hair No Good, But Often Cause It to Fall Out.

Many hair preparations are "fake" because they are merely scalp irritants. They often cause a dryness, making the hair brittle, and, finally, lifeless. Dandruff is the cause of all trouble with hair. It is a germ disease. The germ makes cuticle scales as it digs to the root of the hair, where it destroys the hair's vitality, causing the hair to fall out. To cure Dandruff, the germ must be killed. "Destroy the cause, you remove the effect." Newbro's Herpicide is the only preparation that kills the dandruff germ, thereby leaving the hair to grow luxuriantly.

The comfortable country fireside is the place to which memory will revert with no small degree of delight when youthful days have long since gone by.

Mem. for Good Health.
Today drink some "Castelwood" Bourbon or Rye Whiskey. Highest grade Kentucky goods. Cartan, McCarthy & Co., sole distributors, San Francisco.

After the second year the hens will lay fewer eggs.

The famous Gilt Edge Whiskey is for sale by first-class dealers in your community and is especially recommended to those that have not tried it. Call for it the next time you want a good whiskey. Wichman, Lutgen & Co., San Francisco, Cal. Sole proprietors for U. S. A.

The Trifling Brother.
"Brier Jenkins, you so triflin' dat I vely believes of you wuz 'plinted ter be watchman at de pearly gates de fust t'ing you'd do would be ter let down en go fas' asleep."

"Brier Thomas, you may well say dat, kaze I'd sho' feel so good over de 't'ing you'd do would be ter let down en go fas' asleep."

Cultivation.
"I suppose you hope to make a very cultivated young man of your boy Josh."

"Yes," answered Farmer Cortnosel. "We're cultivatin' him the best we can. Every now and then mother and me gives him a rakin' over."—Washington Star.

The Witness.
Judge—Do you think the fire was of incendiary origin?

Witness—I wouldn't like to say that, your honor. To tell you th' truth, I believe th' building was set on fire.—Ohio State Journal.

Abernethy declared that the best time to eat was, for a rich man, when he could get appetite, and, for a poor man, when he could get food.

WOMAN'S GENTLE NATURE CALLS FOR GENTLE TREATMENT

Delicately formed and gently reared, women will find, in all the seasons of their lives, as maids or wives or mothers, that the one simple, wholesome remedy which acts gently and pleasantly and naturally, and which may be used with truly beneficial effects, under any conditions, when the system needs a laxative—is—**Syrup of Figs.** It is well known to be a simple combination of the laxative and carminative principles of plants with pleasant, aromatic liquids, which are agreeable and refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system when its gentle cleansing is desired.

Many of the ills from which women suffer are of a transient nature and do not come from any organic trouble and it is pleasant to know that they yield so promptly to the beneficial effects of Syrup of Figs, but when anything more than a laxative is needed it is best to consult the family physician and to avoid the old-time cathartics and loudly advertised nostrums of the present day. When one needs only to remove the strain, the torpor, the congestion, or similar ills, which attend upon a constipated condition of the system, use the true and gentle remedy—Syrup of Figs—and enjoy freedom from the depression, the aches and pains, colds and headaches, which are due to inactivity of the bowels.

Only those who buy the genuine Syrup of Figs can hope to get its beneficial effects and as a guarantee of the excellence of the remedy the full name of the company—California Fig Syrup Co.—is printed on the front of every package and without it any preparation offered as Syrup of Figs is fraudulent and should be declined. To those who know the quality of this excellent laxative, the offer of any substitute, when Syrup of Figs is called for, is always resented by a transfer of patronage to some first-class drug establishment, where they do not recommend, nor sell false brands, nor imitation remedies. The genuine article may be bought of all reliable druggists everywhere at 50 cents per bottle.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine
Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Wm. Carter

See Pac-Man Wrapper Below.

Very small and so easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LIVER PILLS

FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR RASHES, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

The San Francisco

EVENING POST

The afternoon paper of the Pacific Coast—40c per month by mail, including Illustrated Magazine every Saturday. Sample copies free.

THOMAS GARRETT
PUBLISHER
Post Building - San Francisco

When Writing to Advertisers Please Mention This Paper

W. L. DOUGLAS

SHOES \$3.50

UNION MADE

Notice increase of sales in table below:

1898—148,100 Pairs.

1899—298,182 Pairs.

1900—1,259,764 Pairs.

1901—1,566,720 Pairs.

Business More Than Doubled in Four Years.

THE REASONS:
1. W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's \$3.50 and \$5.00 shoes than any other two manufacturers in the world.
2. W. L. Douglas \$3.50 and \$5.00 shoes placed side by side with \$5.00 and \$6.00 shoes of other makes, are found to be just as good. They will outwear two pairs of ordinary \$3.50 and \$5.00 shoes.
3. Made of the best leathers, including Patent Congress Kid, Corona Calf, and National Kangaroo. Best Sole Brains and Liners. Black Heels Used.
4. W. L. Douglas \$4.00 "Gilt Edge" Line cannot be equaled at any price.
5. Shoes by mail 25c extra. Catalog free.
W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

Lazy Liver

"I have been troubled a great deal with a torpid liver, which produces constipation. I found CASCARETS to be all you claim for them and secured such relief the first trial, that I purchased another supply and was completely cured. I shall only be too glad to recommend Cascarets whenever the opportunity is presented."

J. A. SMITH
2920 Susquehanna Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

CANDY CATHARTIC

Cascarets

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Painless, Taste Good. No Good, Never Sickens, Weakens, or Grips. 10c, 25c, 50c.

CURE CONSTIPATION.
Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York.

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE TOBACCO HABIT.

S. F. N. U. No. 14, 1900

FISCH'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS
See Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Does Not Kill.
Consumption

TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles of Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE**.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

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202 SANSOME STREET.

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BEEF AND PORK PACKERS

—AND SLAUGHTERERS OF—

CATTLE, SHEEP, HOGS AND CALVES.

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—PACKERS OF THE—

GOLDEN GATE —AND— MONARCH BRANDS

HAMS, BACON, LARD AND CANNED MEATS.

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PACKING HOUSE AND STOCK YARDS LOCATED AT

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Consignments of Stock Solicited.

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